

The Public and the Motor-Car

3377

Quarterly Review.



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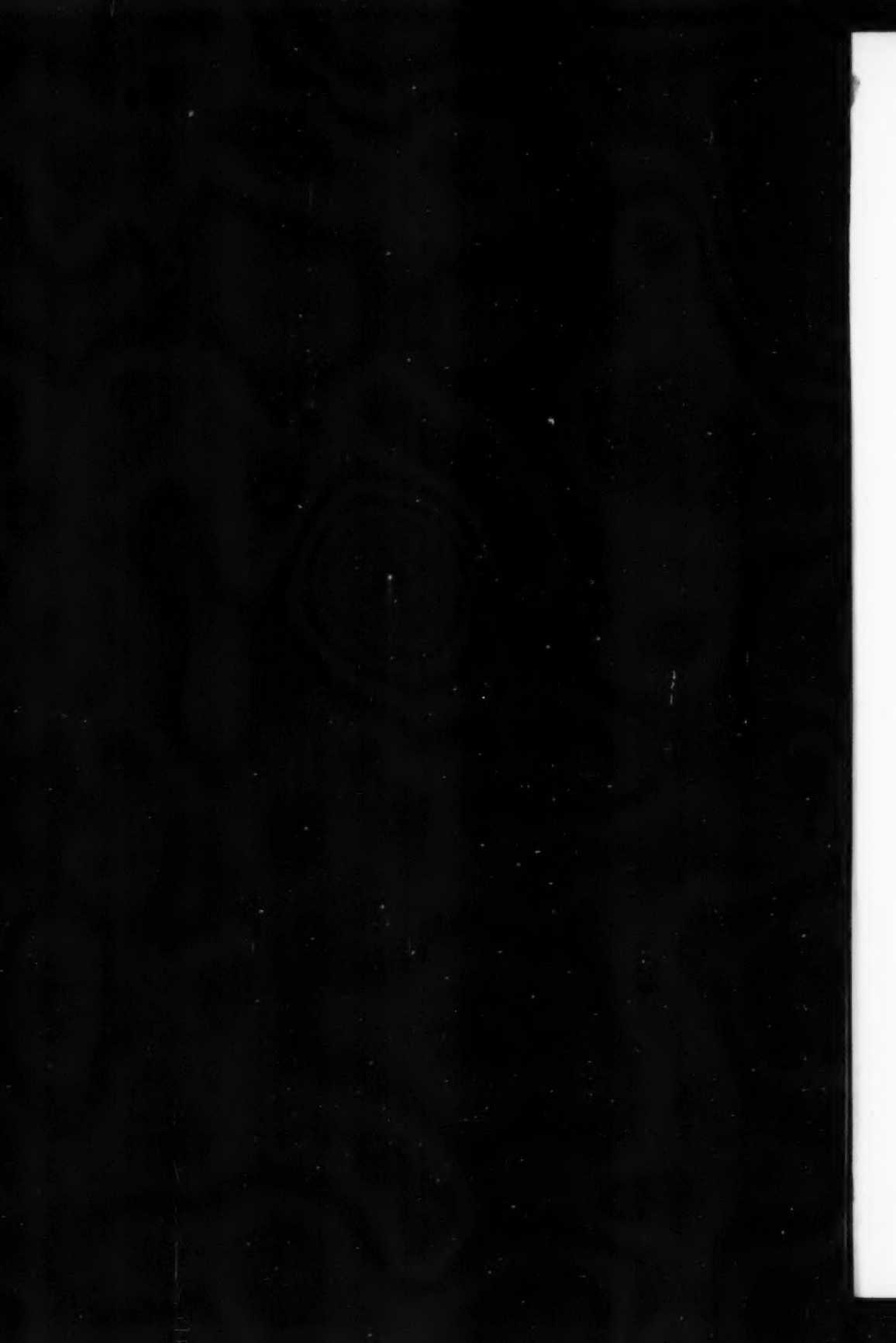
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THE LIVING AGE.

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MY COMRADE.

She does not come on summer days,
 Or on those nights when moonlight
 fills
 The garden with a glimmering haze;
 And in the time of daffodils
 Far, far apart from me she stays.

But when on stormy nights I go
 Down shadowy lawns, by whispering
 woods,
 She paces with me to and fro,
 And takes a thousand varying moods,
 As winds that know not whence they
 blow.

I hear the rustle of her dress,
 A light kiss falls upon my hair,—
 She seems so near—I turn to bless
 Her company,—but darkness there
 Holds mocking depths of emptiness.

Anon she murmurs: "I am nigh,
 Oh, dearest, listen! I am near."
 I hear the light step flitting by,
 And borne upon the wind I hear,
 "Oh, dearest, dearest, it is I!"

Ah, God! For just one moment's space
 To hold her to my heart again!
 Down, down the woodland paths I race,
 My arms outstretched to her;—the
 rain
 Falls like soft tears upon my face.

But always out of reach, the cry
 Comes sobbing back among the trees,
 "Oh, dearest, dearest, it is I!"
 And through the thunder of the seas,
 "Oh, dearest, listen! I am nigh."

Still, still she leads me on apace,
 And still I follow, calling her,
 Until, through well-known meadow-
 ways,
 And down dark avenues of fir,
 She leads me to the Peaceful Place.

There, sheltered from the storms that
 rave
 Without the ancient guardian wall,
 Lie those who hear nor wind nor
 wave,—
 And there she leaves me, though I
 fall

To bitter weeping, by her grave.

Ina M. Stenning.

The Spectator.

HE WATCHES OVER ISRAEL.

He watches over Israel—and sweeps
 The fulness of His mercy into one
 Great ocean of eternal deeps:
 No helm need I—no guide,
 When at my side
 Is set the Maker of a hundred suns.

He watches over Israel, nor sleeps;
 Lest I should stumble in the closing
 dark—
 Like some poor leper as he creeps,
 By rugged rut or notch.
 Without His watch,
 My faltering feet would never reach
 the mark.

He watches over Israel—and keeps
 The greatness of His mercy to the
 close:

He slumbers not, nor sleeps.
 In all my little flight,
 By noon or night,
 I know that He will lead me to repose.
Dougal Mundi.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

FOR LATTER DAYS.

The tired white sails are homing
 Like doves that have flown too far,
 And slowly a lone red star
 Is kindling upon the quay.
 I lie on the cliff in the gloaming
 And hear the sob of the sea.

When pleasure is done with her foam-
 ing,
 And toll is tired of his song;
 When love makes the last days long,
 And the folks are gentle with me—
 Give me a cliff in the gloaming
 With the heartache of the sea.

For there can be no more roaming
 When the East has come to the West,
 When the thing that seemed worst
 is best,
 As the strange Gods meant it to
 be—

Ay, give me a cliff in the gloaming
 With the heartache of the sea.

J. J. B.

THE PUBLIC AND THE MOTOR-CAR.

There is little doubt that, in the coming session of Parliament, the Government will be compelled to introduce a measure dealing with motor-cars on the public roads. Most likely, apart from that measure, we shall see both increase and redistribution of motor-car taxation, of which the former is certainly demanded by public opinion. But the question of taxation is not attacked here, partly because of its extreme intricacy, but mainly because another and a far more vital, or lethal, aspect of the motor problem demands all the space and all the care that can be given to it.

Legislation must come—and it is to be hoped it will follow lines approaching to finality—because the present situation is both demoralizing to motorists and intolerable to the public. It is plain, and is indeed generally admitted, that the vast majority of motorists, being persons of law-abiding habits apart from their motor-cars, habitually disobey that part of the existing statute which prescribes a speed limit, and feel no shame when they are caught and punished. They justify themselves, not by pleading conscientious objections, but by saying, in effect, that the speed limit is unnecessary—which is open to doubt—and that the Act was passed by a Parliament knowing next to nothing of the dirigible quality of motor-cars. Also they feel that they are not fairly treated by the police, in the first instance, since police ambuscades are usually so set as to compel the inference that fines, and not the public safety, are the objects sought; and there is a prevalent feeling among motorists that, before some benches of magistrates, they cannot reckon upon receiving impartial justice. The gradual growth of these views needs not to

be followed in detail because it is a story familiar to all.

There is no denying that this was, and is, a most unwholesome state of things; but there was worse to come. Harassed by police ambuscades, many of them of the money-seeking kind, a body of motorists, a small body at the outset, conceived the sublimely impudent idea that they might retaliate upon the law and upon the police by sending out scouts to locate and to discover police ambuscades. They went, indeed, further than to conceive the plan. They carried it into effect over a great many of the high-roads of the country, and, aided by some of the automobile journals, they did their audacious work most efficiently. The small body becoming larger, it assumed the title of Automobile Association; and it is a remarkable fact that, while this machinery, to defeat the operation of the law was in active and open movement, the names of Peers, and even of Cabinet Ministers past and present, were found among those of its new members. When this was pointed out, when men well disposed to automobilism and convinced of the obsolete quality of the existing law remonstrated on the ground that such an organization was not only legally criminal but also a grave error of judgment, because it tended to exasperate the public mind, the defenders of the organization took refuge in flagrant hypocrisy. It was urged that the scouts were placed on the roads with the purely lawful object of persuading motorists to obey the law regulating the speed of travel. That statement was what the late Sir William Harcourt would have described roughly as a "good thumping lie," for obviously no scouts were needed for the alleged purpose. It is a matter alike

for wonder and regret that no effectual proceedings were ever instituted against this extraordinarily impudent body; for it is not to be believed that, with a little intelligence and diligence, the evidence necessary to a conviction could not have been collected. When the police at last prosecuted, they selected the case of a private individual, not connected with the Association, who, being aware of the existence of a police ambuscade, and thinking it to be a somewhat ignoble device, warned all and sundry of the legal peril lying in their path. Of course the prosecution failed in the long run; but, when the case came before the Lord Chief Justice and a brother judge on appeal, the Court left men's minds in no doubt as to the judgment which would have been pronounced had conspiracy been proved.

The words of the judges produced a marked impression, but it was not an entirely salutary impression. It was no longer admitted that the scouts were distributed for the original and criminal purpose. It was stated that the scouts were sent out in order to aid motorists in distress and to warn others of risks other than those of legal proceedings. It was alleged that the scouts would no longer betray police ambuscades, and copies of their printed "instructions" were published in support of the allegation. No doubt the scouts did occasionally help motorists, being members of the Association, when they were in trouble; in fact, they ceased to say "Trap," or to wear a reversible badge so as to indicate an ambuscade without saying a word; but so recently as last June, and very likely later, men knew exactly from the manner of a scout's salute whether the road was clear of police in front of them or not. Quite lately the Association has apparently found grace. The scouts have, beyond doubt, done a great deal to

check reckless driving by men with whom the Association has dealt—it would have been better that the offenders should have been punished in the courts of law—and there is reason to believe the scouts have given definite assistance to the police. But "*non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis.*"

So far we have dealt with the present state of the law and its administration, as they appear to the ordinary motorist. Two classes of opinionated persons there are whose views may be mentioned only to be brushed aside; while those of a third body, incomparably the largest and the most important of all, must be discussed at some length. The opinions which may be practically disregarded are those of the habitually reckless motorist and of the infatuated anti-motorist. The former, commonly known as the "road-hog," has no more right to be consulted on the measures applicable to dangerous driving than a professional forger has when it is a question how to check forgery. The rabid anti-motorist may also be left out of account, but for a different reason. He is no criminal, save that he is pretty often guilty of exaggerating facts. He has genuine grievances too; but his grievances are only those liable to afflict every citizen of this country, more or less, when he is not using a motor-car. From the point of view of the classes which compose the overwhelming majority of the inhabitants of this country, let the attempt be made to reason out and, if possible, to discover the right way of dealing with motorists and with motor-car traffic in this singularly congested and motor-infested country. What ought to be done? What can be done? These are the two great questions—as a rule one question in the long run—to provide an answer to which should be the aim of every wise legislator. Recommendations and suggestions, however,

must of necessity be made from some definite point of view; and that point of view cannot be understood unless it be stated. It is that of one who is perforce a considerable traveller in motor-cars, never a driver of one; and the preliminary postulate is that, so long as the dangers and discomforts rising from motor-cars can be reduced to tolerable dimensions, it would be wrong to stunt a growing industry and to cripple a method of locomotion, capable of being both useful and delightful, by prohibitive taxation of motor-cars or by irritating and unnecessary restrictions upon their users.

What, then, are the evils to be met? They are, in the main, reckless and inconsiderate driving on the one hand and dust and mud, of which the latter is the minor evil, on the other. Between reckless and inconsiderate driving and the dust raised by motor-cars, and between dust and danger, there is, in the present state of British roads in dry weather, a frequent and close series of relations; but, in order to proceed by steps, let us consider first some of the ordinary manifestations of recklessness in driving. They emphatically do not consist essentially in mere speed. A man may drive a powerful car for a while at 60 or 70 or even 80 miles an hour on some English roads without being guilty of any recklessness, at all events in relation to others. On Dartmoor, on Bodmin Moor, and in a good many districts besides, there are stretches of open road, with no ways debouching into them, on which any other vehicle or user of the road can be seen a mile or more ahead, where, when the road is clear, great speed can be made without any approach to recklessness. But it cannot be too strongly emphasized that it is the duty of motorists to know their roads well, and to ascertain that they are free from danger before they travel along them at a speed so great that they cannot

stop in time to avert accident if an unexpected wayfarer or vehicle comes into view. It is unpardonable to drive at high speed past the mouth of a debouching road or a cottage or a village, knowing their existence; but it is nearly as bad to do so in ignorance that they are there; in fact, it is an offence of much the same quality as that of steaming full speed ahead along the regular track of ships when there is a dense fog. Equally obvious is the rule that the utmost care should be observed in driving at night, especially on unenclosed roads, such as those of the New Forest, and in all inhabited places.

But there is another kind of carelessness, at least equal in point of danger to any of the foregoing, upon which very few motorists appear to have reflected. It is that of disregarding the rule of the road in going round corners, especially when the traffic coming from the other direction, if any there be, as there always may be, is concealed from view. A great many motorists, and persons in charge of horse-drawn vehicles also for that matter, take such corners in a manner suggesting cheerful readiness to commit suicide or manslaughter or both. It is, of course, at right-hand corners that this offence is most frequently committed. A driver hugs the off-side at such a corner because, if he kept to the near side, as the rule of the road enjoins, he would have to take a sharper turn, and would therefore have to slacken speed or run the risk of a bad accident. He forgets or he behaves as if he forgot, that every time he does this he leaves to sheer chance the decision whether the manœuvre shall be executed with safety, or whether, having placed himself in a position which the driver of a vehicle coming from the opposite direction is absolutely entitled to expect to find free, he shall involve the occupants of two vehicles in a common and very likely fatal disaster. He forgets, too,

in all probability, that he is committing an offence under the existing statute. He is travelling in a manner "dangerous . . . having regard to the traffic which may reasonably be expected to be on the road." It is, there is reason to believe, true that magistrates have acquitted in a case of this character on the plea that there was in fact no other traffic on the road at the time. Other magistrates, certainly wiser, have convicted in similar cases; and, so far as is known, the point has not been decided in a superior court. Nor is it likely to be, unless the police should appeal from a refusal to convict on clear evidence; for language could hardly be more explicit than that of the Act, and no convicted person is likely to be advised to appeal.

The question is, how recklessness in all its forms is to be stopped; and the answer must be "by stern and rigorous punishment." Mere fines do not suffice. Many motorists, although by no means all, are rich men; and many offend through the agency of their hired drivers, whose fines they pay easily, caring not a whit for the fact that their unhappy servants, with each new endorsement upon their licenses, are coming nearer to the point at which they must look, not merely for fresh situations, but for another mode of earning a livelihood. Imprisonment, confiscation of cars, punishment of the owner, if he be present when the offence is committed, and of any person entitled to control the driver, in brief, anything that falls short, perhaps, of corporal chastisement is peremptorily demanded by public opinion to curb this often thoughtless, but always desperately criminal offence. The existing law fails to produce the desired effect, partly because it fails to affect the person really responsible, when a servant is driving, partly because it has been much too tenderly administered and frequently misunderstood.

The same justices who have fined relentlessly, and even capriciously, for exceeding the speed limit, have shrunk from inflicting a sentence of hard labor when it was richly deserved. Not many such sentences would be required. The law has only to show that it is in earnest upon this matter, and obedience will soon follow.

Such a policy would, it is stated on good authority, be welcomed as cordially by the Royal Automobile Club as by moderate motorists in general, to whom the reckless and careless driver is at least as obnoxious and dangerous as he is to any other user of the highways. The Club, indeed, under a new chairman, has recently taken steps to check the dangerous and inconsiderate driver. This policy, it is sincerely believed, springs from honorable and unselfish motives as well as from a prudent regard for public opinion; but, even if this belief were erroneous, it would not matter, for the mind of the public is irrevocably made up. Reckless driving is an intolerable offence; and it must be stamped out by severe measures. The people demand that justice shall be stern and unflinching; and the demand must be obeyed. On the other hand, the fair-minded and sensible non-motorist requires, no less imperatively than the better class of motorists, that justice shall be unprejudiced as well as unflinching. The fact that it has, far too often, been nothing of the kind accounts for much of the evil in the present position. It accounts for the unwillingness of the Club, after the first few years of excitement over a novel and exhilarating method of travel, to co-operate with the police in bringing offenders before the magistrates. The members of the Club were not convinced, and they had good reason for not being convinced, that offenders and their witnesses would receive a fair hearing and impartial treatment.

Cognate to this question of dangerous driving is the much debated one of a general speed-limit. Herein there has certainly been a change of opinion among motorists of late; and it is a change carrying some weight, because it represents a reasoned conviction held by some motorists that their liberties ought in future to be less than what they were at one time disposed to claim. Every driver of motor-cars suffers, it is believed, at some period of his progress, from a love of speed for its own sake; and it is a passionate love while it lasts. It follows of necessity that we shall always have with us a number of men, the representatives for the time of an endless succession, who are in the condition, as drivers, of being too ready to yield to the passion for speed to the extent of giving inadequate thought to the safety of others. These men must be kept under control, if possible, by law; and manifestly that law must be applicable to all motorists. It can take no other form than that of a general speed-limit, although what that limit ought to be it is not easy to decide.

At the same time it is right to remember that, while a speed-limit is regarded as necessary, in spite of its drawbacks, those drawbacks are substantial. It is a matter of general experience that the existence of a speed-limit, local or general, provokes immoral drivers to carelessness in driving so long as they are within the prescribed limit. This ought not to be the case, but it is a fact requiring to be faced; and even metropolitan magistrates have been found, on occasion, to give countenance to this tendency. There is a section of the existing Act dealing with dangerous driving, another concerned with the excess of the speed-limit; and they are totally distinct. Yet, during a prosecution for dangerous driving in a crowded London street, a London magistrate used,

according to contemporary and published report, language to the effect that, unless the defendant could be shown to have exceeded twenty miles an hour at the time, there was no case. It may be added that attention was directed in the "Times" to this extraordinary misconstruction of the statute, and that no question as to the accuracy of the report was publicly raised.

There is the same disadvantage, only it takes a rather more acute form, inherent in local speed-limits, which, for dangerous and normally congested thoroughfares, are usually ten miles per hour. Men are tempted to feel as if they must be acting rightly when the speedometer needle hovers below the figures 10; but they are very likely driving much faster than the immediate circumstances warrant; and attention to the speedometer diverts their eyes from the traffic. Having regard to this truth, examples of which have repeatedly come under our observation, it might perhaps be wise, while establishing a general speed-limit, to abolish local speed-limits in order to force motor-car drivers to concentrate themselves upon the safety of the public. There is, of course, yet another objection to a general speed-limit, which is that experience has shown, in this and every other country where it has been tried, that it cannot be enforced universally or even generally. Every such enactment will be frequently disobeyed, in circumstances precluding the possibility of risk to others, by persons who would not dream of disregarding any other penal statute. This is demoralizing; and thus we seem to have reached an *impasse*; but a general speed-limit is recommended none the less. The partial demoralization of motorists is to be preferred to the deaths of their fellow-citizens.

The safeguarding of the lives and limbs of the King's subjects is manifestly the matter of paramount import-

ance; the protection of their property, construing "property" widely so as to include the amenities of life, is a necessity coming only second to it. In this connection the indictment against the motor-car is long, explicit, and, in the main, "a true bill." First of all, motor-cars, especially those having armored or metal-studded tires, damage the surface so much that the expense of keeping up the roads has risen by leaps and bounds over the kingdom as a whole. There are, it is true, apparent exceptions. Kent, with a vast mileage of practically dustless roads, which, there is reason to hope, will also prove to be possessed of a rare quality of endurance, spends no more than it used to spend in this respect; but that is simply a case in which money used to be wasted—to put it politely—and is now expended more wisely than of old. Generally the cost of the roads has increased, and is increasing, to an alarming extent; and it is quite clear that the metal-studded tire must go. Its main value to the motorist is that it enables him to drive faster on some surfaces, and round corners, than he could drive but for the grip it takes of the road. The motorist can no more be allowed to retain it on that ground than a lawn-tennis player could be permitted to use spiked shoes on a smooth lawn in wet weather.

Damage to roads, however, is but a small part of the accusation raised against motor-cars. Dust is the strongest reason why the motor-car is unpopular. True it is that the motor-car kills and injures no small number of human beings, but then so does the horse-drawn vehicle; and, although the relative dangers of the motor-car and of the horse-drawn vehicle have been hotly argued on both sides, the truth is that the data for exact comparison are not available. Nor, for that matter, is the basis of comparison agreed, even where data are available within

a limited area. Mr. Barnes (of the Highways Protection League) compares the number of motor-omnibuses and deaths caused by them, with the number of horse-drawn omnibuses and of deaths which they cause. Lord Montagu parries by saying, "Look how much farther the motor-omnibuses travel, and how much faster, and how many passengers they carry." Who shall decide which of these champions, if either, bases his argument rightly? Here, at all events, no decision is necessary, for the motor-omnibus question stands by itself, and it appears to be in a fair way to be treated separately.

It is in rural and semi-rural parts of the kingdom that, more by reason of the dust it raises than of the danger it brings, the motor-car is detested. Accidents bulk large in the newspapers; they are felt and seen and heard of only occasionally in individual districts. But the dust is with the country always in dry weather. The pale cloud poisons with impartial mischief the garden of the cottager and that of the rich man. It ruins fruit-crops and grass for miles along the wayside. It has reduced enormously the value of houses and properties adjoining the roads. It has made it all but impossible for the cottager on the roadside to keep windows or doors open to let in the sweet country air—which, to be quite candid, was unhappily seldom the cottager's practice. It has damaged irretrievably, not once only, but many hundreds of times, the perishable wares—the milk, the butter, the meat—exposed for sale by the country shopkeeper. Moreover, as need not be argued elaborately, the dust raised by motor-cars adds vastly to the other dangers more or less inseparable from them. Who is there but remembers, not once but often, to have stood dazed and three-parts blinded in the dust of one motor-car, while he heard, rather than saw, a second hurtle past in the tawny mist?

Now these things are intolerable. Exceptionally voiceless and long-suffering as are the country-folk of this kingdom, it is plain that the end of their patience has been reached. What then is to be done? In the long run, no doubt, the roads will be improved. Mr. Maybury, the county surveyor of Kent, has done wonders with tarred macadam, not for the sake of motorists, but (as he has publicly stated) simply because he found that, if any passable roads at all were to be left, effectual measures must be taken. He was, as has been pointed out, in a position to improve the roads of Kent, without additional expense to the county, through the substitution of careful for careless finance; and this, it may be, was therefore an exceptional case. Moreover, it should be added, the worst enemies of the Kentish roads have been the traction-engines—unusually numerous in Kent—which have proved capable of causing surfaces, possessing great power of withstanding ordinary traffic, to “creep,” that is to say, to rise and fall in undulations, and subsequently to become completely disintegrated.

To remedy these evils, Mr. Gladwell, the surveyor to the Eton Rural District Council, has invented a system which is well worthy of imitation. He first pares his road to an even and firm surface with a very slight camber. This surface he covers to a depth of an inch or two with a matrix of granite chips soaked, when hot, in a heated preparation of tar. On this bed he spreads perfectly clean granite metalling, which is then rolled lightly so as to force the matrix up between the stones. The whole is then masked with more of the matrix, which is brushed in and covered with a light coating of granite chips. The result is a road impervious to water, and quite dustless, which lasts so long under any ordinary traffic that, in the long run, it costs less than the ordinary macadam road—

usually a road which Macadam himself would have scorned. Every county surveyor, every road authority almost, is up and stirring. Nay, more, as has been seen lately, the problem of the roads has become recognized as one of international gravity; and a congress in Paris has brought many earnest men together to discuss and to suggest methods of amendment. Better roads, roads with less dust or with none, certainly with none issuing from their own decay, we shall have some day, we may be sure. Indeed they are coming. But, in the meanwhile, the dust and the motor-cars are with us; and it has been proved to demonstration, to the satisfaction of the overwhelming majority of the community, that while the dust is with us the motor-cars cannot be allowed to stir it up when and where and as much as their drivers choose, to the danger, the discomfort, and the loss of those who are not using motor-cars.

Whether the age of dust and of mud is destined to be long or short no man can tell; but the history of changes in this country, combined with knowledge that the problem of road-making varies in different localities, suggests the inference that many years must pass before it can be finally and universally settled. At present the name of the authorities controlling the roads of different classes in the kingdom is legion—which is another way of spelling “waste”; and the burden of maintaining those roads is most unequally and irregularly distributed. That is a difficulty capable of removal, easily, so far as concerns the simplification of control, but the reverse of easily when it comes to redistributing the burden. To simplify control by placing the management of all the principal roads of the kingdom in one set of hands, would so manifestly tend towards economy and increased efficiency that a measure calculated to secure that end in a prac-

tical way would be welcomed with universal satisfaction, once it had been understood. It is ridiculous, for example, as well as wasteful, that the management of the Great North Road should be in the hands of more than a hundred distinct authorities.

But redistribution of the burden of upkeep is quite another matter. In a new country it might be possible to construct all roads from the outset at the general cost of the community, since a country without roads is worth little or nothing, and to apportion the cost of maintenance more or less equitably among those who used the highways. In an ancient country, and particularly in one governed on the elective principle, innumerable perplexities are inevitable. That those who use the roads should pay for them, proportionately to the use they make of them, is a pretty proposition in theory, but to work it out in practice has so far proved to be far beyond the capacity of legislators. Nothing could be more absolutely just than a wheel and horse-tax; and equity demands that some compensation should be obtained from those who, by driving flocks of sheep from place to place, do more harm to the normal road-surface than do many motor-cars, as any man may see if he studies the approaches to any famous sheep-market—East Illey for example—a few days after the fair.

But, where governments depend on votes, strict justice of this kind is unattainable; innumerable anomalies must be borne; and some of them may even be justified by reference to other burdens and their incidence. If the farmer's manure-cart, often narrow-tired, injures the surface (in addition to befouling it with filth which will be dust and mud alternately until it is removed) more than the rubber tired carriage of the landless but opulent person, it may still be fair that

the manure-cart should escape taxation while the carriage is taxed. Apart altogether from the questions whether the carriage is a rich man's luxury, and of the taxation of luxuries as such, the farmer's burden of taxes is the heavier. No such plea can be advanced in favor of the tradesman's van in any of its many forms; it may even be urged with logical justice that most, if not all, of the exemptions of vehicles from taxation mean essentially that the owners of those vehicles are, in a substantial measure, carrying on a protected industry. Still this country is not governed by logic; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer who should endeavor to follow logic and do justice by compelling numerous classes, accustomed to unfair exemption, to pay their proper share towards the maintenance of the roads, would soon retire, with his colleagues, into Opposition. It follows that, if there is ever to be redistribution of the burden of road maintenance, it must be brought about by almost imperceptible degrees.

Again, assuming simplification of control and removal of the difficulties in the way of furnishing adequate funds to a central body, a Department of High-roads in fact, that body would have a complicated series of engineering problems to solve. Cost of road-making material—at present it must be granite—at the points where it is needed, will necessarily vary; and the difficulties of constructing a stable foundation, on which the life of a dustless road absolutely depends, will always be much greater in some districts than in others. Everybody, surely, must know stretches of road in the country, treated in identical fashion by the same authority, subject to the same traffic, some parts of which, by reason of varieties of subsoil, are always worse than others. So the net result of the last little series of observations is that, taking all the difficulties

incidental to road-making reform into consideration, the day of the dustless and mudless road, of the road, that is to say, which will produce neither mud nor dust out of itself, is likely to be long delayed.

Dust and mud then on the roads, ready to be disturbed at any time, are a part, not likely to be removed for many a year, of the existing state of things; and the dust, when disturbed by the wheels of a motor-car, is the cause of the danger, the loss, and the discomfort which have been outlined, and that in very faint strokes, earlier in this paper. The question arising is, what measures can be taken to prevent these evils or to reduce them substantially. In approaching that question there is assuredly no reason to show any undue tenderness for the alleged rights of motorists; and the truth, harsh as it may sound to motorists, is that their rights, properly regarded, are at present very small indeed.

It may almost be said that the motor-car sprung fully armed out of the brain of Gottlieb Daimler—not that the claims of Benz are forgotten—as Pallas did from the head of Zeus. At all events, since the advent of motor-cars into Great Britain from the Continent was delayed until they had gone through ten years of development abroad, it is fair to say that this advent, when it occurred, was that of alarmingly powerful machines into a world which was in no way prepared for them. The rights of their owners were, and are, rationally limited to making the best of that world as they found and find it, subject to the vested rights of those who were in it before them, and to striving for the amendment of that world, of the condition of the roads in fact, in such fashion that their reasonable rights may be gradually enlarged. They have been apt, naturally perhaps, to take an entirely mistaken view of their position. They

think that, apart from their statutory rights and disabilities, they are entitled to use motor-cars precisely as other vehicles are used; and at the same time to go much faster than other vehicles. Doubtless, a motor-car can be driven with safety, apart from dust, at greater speed on the open road, since it can be brought to a standstill with much greater rapidity (as has repeatedly been proved by experiment) than any horse-drawn vehicle. But motorists were bound to take the roads as they found them, and they will always be bound to take the roads as they find them—gradually improving them, it is to be hoped—and to abide by the maxim, "*Sic utere tuo ut alienum non lædas.*"

Let a crude example be taken. A man has a right in the ordinary way to run along the gutter of Bond Street, so long as he does not jostle others using that thoroughfare; and there ought never to be an accumulation of liquid mud in that gutter. But, when there is such an accumulation, as sometimes happens, a man who plunged through it wilfully and precipitately, so as to befoul the garments of his fellow-citizens, would certainly be liable to an action for damages; nor would the fact that the mud ought not to have been there relieve him of his primary liability. This has a distinct bearing on the parrot-cry of motorists that they are not responsible for dust raised by their cars, on the ground that the dust ought not to be there at all. It is indeed a curious fact that, so far as we are aware, no action has yet been brought, by some dairyman on the Ripley Road, for example, against the owner of a motor-car for incurably spoiling his supply of milk by polluting it with dust. It may be said that the results of such an action, if successful, would not be commensurate with the trouble involved. The direct result, perhaps, would not be great in money; but the case would be one of the simplest, and

the indirect results would be of the utmost value.

It would be necessary only to prove the open shop-front, the existence of so many gallons of pure milk in the shop, the first fast passage of a car and its ownership, the resultant entry of the dust, and the ruin of the milk. The direct result—judgment for the plaintiff for the value of the milk, and costs—would be almost a certainty; and, if such a judgment were obtained, the indirect results would be priceless; for the automobile papers, which regard the world through motoring glasses only, would be full of indignation, and expressing it in no measured terms, would spread through the whole motoring community the fearful tidings that, if this monstrous view were upheld, as it almost certainly would be, they could no longer damage the property of their fellow-citizens with impunity. It is indeed astonishing that no such action as this has been attempted, although the suggestion has been made in public more than once; and we cannot but think that some of the anti-motoring societies would be better employed in practical work of this character than in mere talk and written expression of more or less just indignation. The law of England helps those who help themselves; and it is the plain duty of Englishmen to use the weapons given to them by the existing law before they appeal to Parliament for new laws. "The law," said Mr. Bumble, "is a hass"; but, although its officers sometimes err, the law is rarely so foolish as those who are unfamiliar with it are willing to believe.

It is a tenable opinion that motorists are responsible for the damage done by the dust they raise, in excess, of course, of the average stirred by other traffic, which may be said to be protected by custom; and, if they are not responsible, they must be subjected against their will to that responsibility. This,

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It may be added, would be an excellent reason for carrying out Mr. Walter Long's suggestion that, simply in order to reduce dust-clouds to tolerable dimensions, a speed-limit of ten miles per hour should be prescribed for motors passing wayside houses, were it not for two facts. In support of it men may urge truthfully that at ten miles an hour, motor-cars raise—for motor-cars—very little dust. As a matter of fact they still raise more than the horse-drawn vehicle does at the same speed, because the pneumatic tires suck it up from the crevices of the metalling, and because the body of the car, being set lower than that of any carriage, causes a disturbance of the air at a lower level than that of a carriage does. But the objections to such a law are fatal. In the first place, it could never be enforced; in the second, if it could be enforced, it would not touch more than half the evil. It would not save the fruit-crops or the pasturage adjoining the wayside; and the only safe course is to hold motorists responsible for all the damage they can be proved to have done by raising more dust than is stirred by the ordinary horse-drawn traffic of a district. This, it is suggested in all sincerity, would be found on experiment to be the law now; but, if the experiment failed, there ought certainly to be no difficulty in procuring the speedy passage of such a law.

To sum up, then, it is believed that the existing undoubted evil may be reduced to a bearable degree by the retention of a general speed-limit—not necessarily of twenty miles per hour; by the stern punishment of reckless driving; by making motorists responsible, if they be not so already, for all the damage they do by abnormal dust-raising; by improving the roads as they ought to be improved; and last, but by no means least, by fair and unprejudiced administration of justice.

GEORGE MEREDITH — POET.

"Language," said Walter Savage Landor, under the guise of Demosthenes, "is part of a man's character," and the statement forms a convenient touchstone for preliminary judgment of a novelist or a poet. A writer stands or falls, from a literary point of view, as his choice of language is good or bad, suitable or unsuitable. The finest story, the most exalted idea, may be irretrievably weakened and spoiled by too poor or too rich a setting. The jewel's the thing; but if the jewel be unfairly mounted, either held shakily in paltry metal or overwhelmed by distracting gold, its charm is imperilled instead of becoming intensified and the beholder remains unmoved.

Especially does this analogy hold with regard to poetry. Dependent for its expression and influence upon the selection and arrangement of language, it might be described broadly as emotion and feeling indissolubly wedded to art: the art alone—a poem manufactured—sometimes beautiful, but of little worth, the emotion inexpressible and incommunicable without the golden word. We can easily observe to-day the reaction from the time when prolixity was considered an almost indispensable attribute of a "great" poem; we know now that as a rule the setting dwarfed the jewel, that the multiplicity of words was often disproportionate to the idea enshrined—certain famous epics, of course, forming exceptions. The fashion of pouring out rhymed couplets in prodigious numbers—as did Pope, Swift, Gray, and other satirical versifiers of the Caroline period—possesses little fascination for the poets of the present age; the tendency is quite in the contrary direction, to the crystallization of a tiny thought in words as nearly

perfect as possible. We may be anything but tedious. Between these two styles come a few—a very few—poets, whose work is neither diffuse nor heartlessly dainty, who are neither careless nor fastidious, yet for whom their glorious calling takes precedence of riches or adulation; and therefore the better part is theirs—honor. Among these the name of Mr. George Meredith must be placed.

It is a particular pleasure to discuss Mr. Meredith's poems, for this reason—that although his fame has reached to the ends of the earth as a novelist and poet among those who believe that "man needs must love the highest when he sees it," we cannot call to mind a single phrase of his which has become stale or hackneyed. He gives us no familiar, mellifluous lines such as Tennyson left in abundance, some of which misguided pedagogues used to quote as exercises for parsing in the school grammar-books of twenty-five years ago: "I steal by lawn and grassy plots"; "Tears, idle tears"; "It is the miller's daughter"; nor does any well-known couplet leap to the mind when he is mentioned. When the name of Browning chances upon an evening's talk, one present will find echoing in his brain, "Oh, to be in England, Now that April's here"; another, perhaps, will think of the song from "Pippa Passes"; to a third will come, "Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead," or "Hamelin Town's in Brunswick." But Mr. Meredith has suffered little at the hands of intrusive anthologists, and that fact should cause us heartily to give thanks; for in his best lyrical work there is an essence so rare and so entrancing that we dare assert confidently no other poet has imprisoned the like in simple, some-

times almost ordinary, language. Take for a first example the little-known "Marian":

She can be as wise as we,
And wiser when she wishes;
She can knit with cunning wit,
And dress the homely dishes.
She can flourish staff or pen,
And deal a wound that lingers;
She can talk the talk of men,
And touch with thrilling fingers. . .

Such a she who'll match with me?
In flying or pursuing,
Subtle wiles are in her smiles
To set the world a-wooing.
She is steadfast as a star,
And yet the maddest maiden;
She can wage a gallant war
And give the peace of Eden.

In two or three of the poems this peculiar charm is due, in a large measure, to the special and at first baffling rhythm with which the author evidently fell in love, so happily does he manage it—and it is a rhythm which has to be "managed" carefully in reading, or the beauty of it is completely lost. We may illustrate its effect by two stanzas from "Love in the Valley":

Under yonder beech-tree single on the
green sward,
Couched with her arms behind her
golden head,
Knees and tresses folded to slip and
ripple idly,
Lies my young love sleeping in the
shade.
Had I the heart to slide an arm be-
neath her,
Press her parting lips as her waist I
gather slow,
Waking in amazement she could not
but embrace me;
Then would she hold me and never
let me go? . . .

Happy, happy time, when the white
star hovers
Low over dim fields fresh with
bloomy dew,
Near the face of dawn, that draws
athwart the darkness,

Threading it with color, like yewber-
ries the yew.
Thicker crowd the shades as the grave
East deepens
Glowing, and with crimson, a long
cloud swells.
Maiden still the morn is; and strange
she is, and secret;
Strange her eyes; her cheeks are cold
as cold sea-shells.

To hear a grave voice reading this poem slowly—not sadly—is to experience a new thrill in the mere accent of the verses; but the reader must be a cautious one, acquainted with his subject. To enter into the question of the technique of the poem does not come within the scope of this article, but it may be noted that a person reading it for the first time will invariably slur the fourth verse ("Lies my young love sleeping in the shade"), accenting only the syllables, "Lies," "sleep," and "shade." The more pleasing stress, as he reads on, he discovers to be:

Lies my | young love | sleeping in the |
shade,

making of the words "young love" almost a spondee. The whole poem, with its stateliness, purity, and serenity, is a sheer delight.

The beauty of "Phœbus with Admetus" depends, too, a great deal upon the exceptional measure, to which must be added the unexpected effect of the reiterated four-line refrain:

God! of whom music
And song and blood are pure,
The day is never darkened
That had thee here obscure.

And while we are treating of the group of nature-poems, it is impossible to omit giving one more extract, this time from the admirable "Melampus":

With love exceeding a simple love of
the things
That glide in grasses and rubble of
woody wreck;

Or change their perch on a beat of
 quivering wings
 From branch to branch, only restful
 to pipe and peck;
 Or, bristled, curl at a touch their snouts
 in a ball;
 Or cast their web between bramble
 and thorny hook,
 The good physician Melampus, loving
 them all,
 Among them walked, as a scholar
 who reads a book.

Having differed in our previous article¹ from those who hold that Mr. Meredith wrote fiction mainly to expound any particular philosophy—a man may be a philosopher and allow himself the luxury of philosophical digressions without promulgating a thesis—we must admit that to the poems he does impart a considerable amount of his personal convictions, quite naturally; indeed, it is almost inconceivable that such should not be the case, since a man who wrote nothing but purely narrative or descriptive poems would fail entirely to justify his divine right to the title of poet; whether he essayed lyric, sonnet, or ballad he could rise not much higher than an accomplished rhymster. And at a second point we find coincidence with other critics; there appears, time after time, a similarity to the poetry of Robert Browning. The same brusque, vivid manner is there, and, we fear we must add, occasionally the same elusiveness of meaning. Many have said, and will continue to say, that the "difficulty" of the two poets (which must be acknowledged to exist) is analagous; but it may be traced, we think, to different and entirely separable causes. Mr. Meredith is as careful of his language as the prophets of their sacred fire—he is unhurried, though sometimes crowded by words; Browning's method, on the other hand, led him into such an abnormal activity

and swiftness that grammar and rules of syntax were often set spinning—a noun expands to a sentence, the burden of a sentence is crammed into a single word, with merely a note of exclamation to suggest all that has been omitted; a line is curtailed, a verb discarded; inversions, particles dropped—nothing matters. The fourth stanza of "Rabbi Ben Ezra" will show one or two of his idiosyncrasies. Not until the reader "gets inside" the mood and style of the poet can Browning be appreciated and admired. The verse of Mr. Meredith exhibits little or none of this exasperating haste, but possesses in places a wealth of metaphorical embellishment which thwarts the student with much the same effect.

The superabundance of metaphor, allusion, and simile, while the very source of elasticity and liveliness in our author's prose, shows to disadvantage in some of his poetical work through being cramped by the mould of form, and insufficiently controlled. Particularly is this the case in the longer poems. Let us take a few lines from "The Sage Enamoured and the Honest Lady":

How shall a cause to Nature be ap-
 pealed,
 When, under pressure of their common
 foe,
 Her sisters shun the Mother and dis-
 own,
 On pain of his intolerable crow
 Above the fiction, built for him, o'er-
 thrown?
 Irrational he is, irrational
 Must they be, though not Reason's
 light shall wane
 In them with ever Nature at close
 call,
 Behind the fiction torturing to sustain;
 Who hear her in the milk, and some-
 times make
 A tongueless answer, shivered on a
 sigh:
 Whereat men dread their lofty struc-
 ture's quake

¹ "The Living Age." March 13, 1909.

Once more, and in their hosts for tocsin
ply
The crazy roar of peril, leonine
For injured majesty.

And, again, from the same poem:

He learnt how much we gain who
make no claims.
A nightcap on his flicker of gray fire,
Was thought of her sharp shudder in
the flames,
Confessing; and its conjured image
dire,
Of love, the torrent on the valley
dashed;
The whirlwind swathing tremulous
peaks; young force
Visioned to hold corrected and abashed
Our senile emulous; which rolls its
course
Proud to the shattering end; with these
few last
Hot quintessential drops of bryony
juice,
Squeezed out in anguish: all of that
once vast!

Here the stream of true poesy has ebbed, and left the rough boulders exposed to the cold light of day, boulders which seem to have been thrown down with Cyclopean fervor. To elicit the definite meaning of passages such as these, crushed and crowded with heterogeneous metaphors as they are, is a task to dampen the reader's brow with unkindly dews; and if it be objected that they should not be torn from their context, we fear we must protest that the context accomplishes little in the way of explanation.

But for whatever faults may be, Mr. Meredith amply atones in his shorter lyrical poems, and in that magnificent group collectively entitled "Modern Love"—the latter, often termed a sonnet-sequence, universally admitted to be his finest poetical achievement. Into the question as to whether these separated sixteen-line poems can be legitimately called sonnets, we do not propose to enter; some well qualified to judge allow the term, pleading for

the spirit of the law rather than the letter. It seems to us that a sonnet is a sonnet, and there's an end of it, although we have often wondered if the total effect would not have been enhanced had the author adhered to the accepted form. However that may be, we can safely rank the complete work as worthy of a place among the great love-poems of modern times.

It is quite impossible to do justice to this in the space at our disposal, but to pass it over with a mere allusion would be equally impossible. The theme is explained by the opening versés:

By this he knew she wept with waking
eyes:
That, at his hand's light quiver by her
head,
The strange low sobs that shook their
common bed
Were called into her with a sharp sur-
prise,
And strangled mute, like little gaping
snakes,
Dreadfully venomous to him. She lay
Stone-still, and the long darkness
flowed away
With muffled pulses. Then, as mid-
night makes
Her giant heart of Memory and Tears
Drink the pale drug of silence, and so
beat
Sleep's heavy measure, they from head
to feet
Were moveless, looking through their
dead black years,
By vain regret scrawled over the blank
wall.
Like sculptured effigies they might be
seen
Upon their marriage-tomb, the sword
between;
Each wishing for the sword that severs
all.

The mind of the man, his musings and questionings as to his wife's unfaith, through which the little flame of hope constantly flickers only to fade, is revealed in passages of masterly insight:

... Lord God, who mad'st the thing
so fair,
See that I am drawn to her even now!
It cannot be such harm on her cool
brow
To put a kiss? Yet if I meet him
there!

O bitter, barren woman! what's the
name?

The name, the name, the new name
thou hast won?...

Beneath the surface this, while by the
fire

They sat, she laughing at a quiet joke.

... We are two reed-pipes, coarsely
stopped;

The God once filled them with his mel-
low breath;

And they were music till he flung them
down,

Used, used!

..... Once, "Have you no fear?"

He said: 'twas dusk; she in his grasp,
none near.

She laughed: "No, surely; am I not
with you?"

And uttering that soft starry "you," she
leaned

Her gentle body near him, looking up;
And from her eyes, as from a poison-
cup,

He drank until the flittering eyelids
screened.

..... Oh, our human rose is fair
Surpassingly! Lose calmly Love's
great bliss,

When the renewed for ever of a kiss
Whirls life within the shower of loos-
ened hair!

With a passion of longing the man
recalls the old days of love's protes-
tations and companionship:

In our old shipwrecked days there was
an hour

When in the firelight steadily aglow,
Joined slackly, we beheld the red
chasm grow

Among the clicking coals. . . .

"Ah, yes!

Love dies!" I said; I never thought it
less.

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She yearned to me that sentence to un-
say.

Then when the fire domed blackening,
I found

Her cheek was salt against my kiss,
and swift

Up the sharp scale of sobs her breast
did lift—

Now am I haunted by that taste! that
sound!

"Thy mouth to mine?" he cries.

"Never, though I die thirsting. Go thy
ways":

A kiss is but a kiss now! and no wave
Of a great flood that whirls me to the
sea.

Only once in the poem does the lover
definitely appear:

What two come here to mar this heav-
enly tune?

A man is one; the woman bears my
name,

And honor. Their hands touch! Am
I still tame?

God, what a dancing spectre seems the
moon!

The poignant opening lines of the
forty-fourth stanza form perhaps the
best known passage of this heart-
tragedy:

They say, that Pity in Love's service
dwells,

A porter at the rosy temple's gate.

I missed him going; but it is my fate
To come before him now beside his
wells;

Whereby I know that I Love's temple
leave,

And that the purple doors have closed
behind.

And then comes the end. Roaming,
despairing, in a wood whither in the
old happy times they had often strayed
together, he finds her, "not alone," and
leads her unresisting away. Some
deep-seated, mysterious sympathy is
still alive between them:

Love that had robbed us of immortal
things,

This little moment mercifully gave.

But it is too late. She leaves him
for a while, and then:

He found her by the ocean's moaning
verge,
Nor any wicked change in her dis-
cerned;
And she believed his old love had re-
turned,
Which was her exultation, and her
scourge. . . .
About the middle of the night her call
Was heard, and he came wondering to
the bed.
"Now kiss me, dear! it may be, now,"
she said.
Lethe had passed those lips, and he
knew all.

And the poet concludes with a sum-
ming-up of the mystery of love de-
spolled:

Thus piteously Love closed what he
begat:
The union of this ever-diverse pair!
These two were rapid falcons in a
snare,
Condemned to do the flitting of the bat.
Lovers beneath the singing sky of May
They wandered once; clear as the dew
on flowers;
But they fed not on the advancing
hours;
Their hearts held cravings for the
buried day.
Then each applied to each that fatal
knife,
Deep questioning, which probes to end-
less dole.
Ah, what a dusty answer gets the soul
When hot for certainties in this our
life!
In tragic hints here see what evermore
Moves dark as yonder midnight ocean's
force,
Thundering like ramping hosts of war-
rior horse,
To throw that faint thin line upon the
shore!

If this brief outline of a noble poem
leads any reader to study it, to appre-
The Academy.

ciate the loneliness, the pride striving
not to be broken, the blind hope and
the relentless memories, the terrible
heartache, that seem to live in its very
fibre, we shall not have written in
vain.

From the vague prettiness and fruit-
less fancies of so much of the poetry
of to-day we turn with relief to the
strong unfaltering note which dom-
inates the poems of Mr. Meredith. He
sounds the depths of life in them as he
does in his prose. Nature to him
seems almost a personality to be ques-
tioned and listened to and loved; the
flutes of Pan are rarely out of earshot;
they sound for him innumerable sweet
miraculous melodies for which he is
impelled to write the harmony. The
beauty and power of earth is ever
appealing to him, finding expression
again and again: "He must be good,"
says one of his peerless women, "who
loves to lie and sleep beneath the
branches of this tree?" "Let him be
drenched, his heart will sing." And
in those words we might not inaptly
epitomize the general tone of the
poems, interfered with here and there,
perhaps, by notes which seem to in-
troduce a discord; yet the dominant
theme is that of defiance of evil, love
of earth and earth's passions, faith
that the mysteries of pain and death
will some day disclose the Immanent
God. We shall take no harm if we
share this defiance, this love, this faith.
There be many worse creeds, not
many better, than this of the great
author and poet. His work is nearly
done—the present month will see the
eighty-first anniversary of his birth—
but for him are the unspoken, grateful
words, and the secret, affectionate
thoughts, of a thousand who have
never seen him, and whom he has
never seen.

SALEH: A SEQUEL.

BY HUGH CLIFFORD.

VII.

Half an hour, each one of the thirty minutes containing sixty æon-long seconds, fraught with its separate torture of sepulchral silence, embarrassment, and *ennui*, crept by, and still the packed room was filled by the solemn, grave-eyed crowd, all staring placidly at Saleh, and still the lad himself sat there, not knowing how or whither to make his escape.

At last there came a diversion. A child of about six years of age, dressed in a gaudy silk *sârong*, or waist-cloth, and an immense velvet cap many sizes too large for him, swaggered up the footpath leading to the building. An aged courtier walked behind him holding over his head a silk sunshade, with a six-foot-long haft to it, and a rabble of small urchins, in various stages of impartial nudity, followed at his heels. He climbed up the stair-ladder, and the crowd made a way for him in their midst. He walked to the small open space in front of Saleh, and squatted there comfortably. The bearer of the sunshade had closed it at the doorway, and he and the rabble of boys now squatted at their little master's back, each as he took his seat saluting Saleh with hands folded as in prayer, held with the thumbs against the nose.

"Tungku Anjang," said a voice, "the son of Che' Jebah." And Saleh realized that he was looking upon one of his half-brothers—a son of his father by some favorite concubine. It occurred to him with a shock that there had probably been many such additions to the family during his absence, and that he did not know even of the existence of many of his brothers and sisters.

"This, then, is my brother," said the

child in a clear, high-pitched treble. "Ya Allah! I should have said that he was a Nasareen!"

In Malaya a "Serâni," or Nasareen, means a half-caste, and a half-caste, as Saleh knew, is a social outcast of both races.

The bearer of the sunshade leaned forward and whispered a reproving protest to his charge in a hoarse, throaty whisper.

"But he is just like a Nasareen," replied the boy. "He dresses like a white man, but his face is black like ours, and his eyes too are black, not white eyes. Also, behold, how he sits cross-legged. Ya Allah! He is very certainly a Nasareen!"

The faintest conceivable ripple of amusement ruffled the impassivity of the listening throng. Evidently the thought which the child had put into words found an echo in many minds. Saleh's embarrassment increased. He felt that the child was acting, in some sort, as the interpreter of the multitude.

"Come hither," he said, holding out his hands to the child. "I have come from afar. Come to me, little brother."

"Go," whispered the bearer of the sunshade; but the child held back.

"I won't" he said, shrugging off the hand which his follower had placed upon his shoulder. "I won't. Behold his feet! He weareth boots in the audience-hall! What is the name of manners and customs such as that? He is no brother of mine, but a Nasareen. I want to go back to Inche'. Take me back to Inche'. I shall tell his Majesty to send this Nasareen away. It is true what Inche' said, that his coming would do me an injury. If you loved me, you accursed

ones, you would drive him away."

The little fellow was on his feet by now, stamping and raving, lashing out with hands and feet at his embarrassed henchman, nor was he pacified until he had been lifted on to the latter's hip and borne storming out of the compound. Saleh could hear the little voice raised in angry abuse and threats long after the child had disappeared from sight, and a keen sense of mortification and distress was upon him.

This was the first greeting that he had received from one of his own blood upon his return to the land of his forebears.

VIII.

The coming of little Tungku Anjang and his stormy departure broke up the silent sitting in the outer chamber, which otherwise, so far as Saleh could see, might have endured for all eternity. A voice speaking from the doorway at his back said that his gear had been brought up from the boats, and suggested an inspection of the room assigned to him. Saleh scrambled up into an erect position as nimbly as his cramped limbs permitted, and passed through the curtained doorway into the interior of the house. It was a sort of rabbit-warren of a place, with narrow crooked passages, the floors of yielding bamboo laths, the walls of plaited wattle, and it was so dark that it was with difficulty that Saleh could see his way. He came at last, however, to a big room, the centre of which was filled by a great square platform raised about two feet above the level of the floor. Upon this was spread a flock sleeping-mat, covered with crimson silk, with a huge stack of square, impossible-looking pillows piled at its head, and with ample curtains of glaring Manchester chintz, looped up into untidy, twisted knots. For the rest there were no traces of other furniture, save a vast brass ves-

sel which memory told him was intended for a spittoon, and the contents of his dressing-case and a number of his clothes were ranged, the former in neat rows, the latter in incongruous heaps, by the side of the brilliant sleeping-mat. The whole thing had a curiously hybrid aspect, illustrative, so it seemed to Saleh, of the uneasy blending of the civilizations of Asia and the West.

Saleh took off his European clothes, put on a *sârong* and a short silk blouse which, he was told, had been sent to him by his mother from the women's apartments, and as the delicate scent of sandalwood filled his nostrils, it seemed to him that with his English garments he was putting off many other things, and that, with the loose, soft, fragrant Malayan silks, he was resuming some part of his strayed Oriental self. There was a measure of consolation in this. Never, during all the years that he had lived among white men, had he felt more completely isolated, estranged, and outcast than he had in the room yonder while his little brother looked at him with childish, disapproving eyes that received from the silent assemblage an endorsement of their adverse verdict.

And now the real welcome to his home began. Chill formalities were for a moment at an end, though Saleh's rank, which in England he had almost forgotten, still hedged him about with much ceremony. Through the doorway there filtered a trickle of dim figures,—old men and women who crept toward him one by one, caressed him with soft hands, and kissed his knees with broken words and tears. They cooed over him, praising, petting, belauding, flattering him, sounding notes of admiration at the manly growth to which he had attained, at his likeness to his mother in her youth,—hinting (and this set Saleh's cheeks flaming again) at the

love which the sight of one so comely would breed in many hearts. They were a little bewildering, a little embarrassing, a little fulsome even, but Saleh was hungry for the warm family affection which had always animated the LeMesurier household, and it was pleasant to find at last some people at any rate who seemed to be genuinely glad to see him.

He remembered them all, though they had aged considerably, and also, so it seemed to him, were more shabby than of old. They were retainers of his mother's household, and he was touched by their obvious delight at his return. He did not know that in the eyes of each one of them he was the incarnation of a last hope, that for months all his mother's people had been building airy castles which had his return for their foundation, that they looked to his advent to wean the Sultan, his father, in some degree from his grasping concubine Che' Jebah, and cherished expectations that the light of the royal countenance (which carried with it a full share of the royal wealth) would be led, through him, to shine once again upon the derelict queen and her establishment. A Malayan Court is ever a hotbed of intrigue and counter-intrigue, the main prize of which is the fickle favor of the King, and Saleh, disarmed in advance by his British ignorance and innocence of such things, was already a piece in the game round which revolved a thousand plans and schemings. But for the moment he knew nought of this, wherefore the coming of these "old faces of his infancy," whose gladness at his return had every appearance of being inspired by the purest personal affection, brought to his sore heart not a little of satisfaction.

He ate his evening meal of cunningly concocted curry and rice sitting upon his sleeping-mat with a score of these family retainers grouped around him,

chatting to one another easily, and ministering to his wants. There was present no one of a rank that warranted him in sharing a dish with Saleh, so the meal was eaten at once in solitude and in public, the discomfort being increased by the fact that it had to be eaten native-fashion, with unaccustomed fingers, under a host of critical eyes. It requires a sturdy appetite to eat much in circumstances such as these, and as soon as the meal had been despatched, Saleh inquired once more for his mother. There followed much passing to and fro between his room and the back of the ramshackle buildings, and a great deal of mysterious whisperings but at last he was informed that Tungku Ampuan was well enough to receive him.

He was led along a narrow, tumble-down passage to a room at the rear of the building, passed through a frowsy curtain obscuring a doorway, and entered his mother's apartment. It closely resembled the place which had been allotted to his own use, save that it was smaller, and that the chintz curtains shrouding the central platform were not looped up. Dim figures darted into corners, like scuttling rabbits, at his approach, to the sound of much feminine giggling. The only light was cast by a lamp which stood on the floor of the central platform behind the curtains, upon which grotesque shadows danced mockingly.

Obedying the whispered suggestion of the old woman who had brought him hither, Saleh lifted up the hem of the curtain, crept under it, and seated himself upon the platform. The kerosene lamp which he had seen from without flared and stank at his elbow; the ceiling-cloth overhead sagged low in great stained patches; the platform was covered by a thick flock mattress; the whole place was reminiscent of the interior of a very foul four-poster bed.

There were two figures in the place,

—an aged woman lying upon her side with her back toward him, both of whose hands clutched what looked like a short, thick piece of polished bamboo, one end of which was held between her lips, and a young and very pretty girl who squatted upon her heels and leaned with indolent grace above a tiny lamp with a glass shade open at the top. As Saleh watched, this girl fished some chocolate-colored substance out of a little jade pot with a thing like a knitting-needle, held it above the flame of the lamp till it bubbled into big swelling blisters, and then, at the psychological moment, thrust it with the skill born of long practice into a tiny hole bored in the centre of the terra cotta pipe-bowl in which the thick bamboo terminated. The place was stiflingly hot, and reeked with the stale fumes of opium.

The woman who lay upon her side puffed in the smoke luxuriously three or four times, inhaling deeply, then suffered the pipe to fall upon the mattress, and presently blew out great, quick clouds through her mouth and nose. She gave, when this was done, a sort of guttural grunt of satisfaction. The girl, peeping slyly at Saleh, bent above her and whispered something in her ear.

"Who? Where?" said the woman vaguely.

"Here, on the right," said the girl, with a little laugh which to Saleh sounded full of insolence.

The older woman pulled herself together, rolled on to her back, and then sat up, gathering her legs under her. For an instant she peered at Saleh as though she saw him with difficulty, then she gave vent to a sudden, inarticulate cry, threw out her arms, seized him round the back of his head, and buried his face in her bosom. It was done so quickly, so unexpectedly, that Saleh was near being thrown off his balance, and with his nose and mouth

forced into the folds of a frowsy bedgown that seemed to have been soaked in a mixture of sandalwood and opium, he found it difficult to reciprocate the embraces to which he was being subjected. Also, do what he would, the thought of Mrs. Le Mesurier and her dainty sweetness and refinement, and of the cruel contrast which his adopted presented to his real mother, would obtrude itself. The revelation which the past few minutes had brought to him was horrifying, no less,—his acquired European prejudices were responsible for that; but what shocked him in an almost equal degree was the discovery that no filial instinct within him responded to the endearments of this poor, broken-down, opium-sodden old hag! This, too, warred against his European conceptions of the eternal fitnesses, for with many of the white man's prejudices he had acquired much of the white man's sense of moral obligation, and he belonged moreover to a race among whom the love of the mother that bore him is to the average man the strongest love of his life. It was dreadful to him that he should see this woman after many years of separation from her, not with the tolerant eyes of a son, whose grateful memory refuses to recognize ugliness which are patent to others, but with the cold, critical, apprising judgment such as any white man might have used. Ah, indeed, those who by educating him in England had given him so little save an added capacity for pain, had taken from him ruthlessly much that was very precious, much that it passed the wit of man ever to replace!

These thoughts crowded through, his mind, jostling and hustling one another, not distinct and clean-cut as they are here set down, but in a host of dim, half-formed, but scalding impressions, the sum total of which was

a horror of the mother that bore him, in whose frowsy embraces he lay suffocating,—horror of himself because he could not feel toward her as a son should feel, horror at the thought of something taken from him that could never be made good, and a keen self-pity. Soon he, too, was shaken with sobs, and to the woman that wept and crooned and mumbled over him, the convulsive clutchings of his hands seemed the natural expression of a heart brimming over with emotion.

At last he was released, and his mother, turning abruptly toward the girl who sat at her side, struck at her savagely.

"Begone!" she cried, and the girl forthwith vanished, casting as she went a languishing glance at Saleh. She saw in the newly recovered son of the household a rising power with whom it would be at once pleasant and profitable to be on terms of intimacy. Besides, young Saleh was very good to look upon.

Tungku Ampūan drew Saleh toward her, so that he occupied a seat by her side with his back against the stack of pillows, and taking his right hand between both her own, she held it in her lap, caressing it.

"*Al-hamdu-l-illah!* Thanks be to Allah!" she mumbled repeatedly. "It is to me as though the moon had fallen this night into my lap! Oh, my child, my child! How my heart hath longed for thee all these years, and now at last thou art come! But thou art no longer my little sweetheart. Thou hast grown into a man, and comely. All the girls of the palace will be mad for thee, my son! But step cautiously, Chik!" (How the long-forgotten pet name recalled to Saleh the memories of his childhood!) "Be wary in thy love-affairs, lest thou chance to anger thy father."

"I shall have no love-affairs," said Saleh with conviction. To him, after

his long intercourse with refined Englishwomen and association with clean-minded men, his mother's light and complacent reference to low intrigues as a thing of course jarred upon and shocked him.

Tungku Ampūan laughed.

"Ya Allah, little son of mine!" she cried playfully "No love affairs indeed! The cat and the roast, the tinder and a spark, a boy and a girl! All be ill to keep asunder! No love-affairs, forsooth! But the palace hussies will have a care of that, comely as thou art! But step with caution, for Underneath-the-Foot is as jealous as of old, and that slut Che' Jebah is to him eyes and ears and nose for the detection of intrigues. Also it is for thee to help me, thy mother."

This was to Saleh's thinking a better channel in which to let the conversation flow.

"Willingly," he said. "How can I help thee, O my mother?"

Tungku Ampūan threw a suspicious glance over her shoulder to assure herself that there were no eavesdroppers. Also she sidled nearer to Saleh, thrusting her chin almost into his face. For the life of him he could not prevent himself from noting that her skin was dry and parched, as is the way with confirmed opium-smokers, that it was covered with grimy wrinkles, that her hair was frowsy and ill-kempt, that her habit had evidently developed in her the inevitable distaste for cold water and contempt of cleanliness which are among the penalties it inflicts upon its victims.

"Thy father," whispered Tungku Ampūan hurriedly, still casting apprehensive glances about her. "His conduct toward me hath not been fitting. Here be many months—more than I have the wit to count—that he hath not entered my dwelling, the which is a sin against the law of Allah and his Prophet, so those learned in the Scrip-

tures tell me. For me, I neither read nor write, but those who are well versed say that it is a sin, for I am his *istri*—a wife of rank equal to his own,—no mere *gündek*, mere concubine, like that slut Jebah, who of old was one of my own tire-women. That I could endure, for my body now is no longer young, but of all the money which the Kompani [Government] giveth to him every month he spareth me no portion! It is true that the Kompani maketh provision for me also,—a monthly pittance, a mere nothing, barely enough to pay for my betel-quids,—but it is fitting that I, the queen, the principal wife, one upon whom the title of Tungku Ampuan hath been conferred, should share in the wealth of the king."

"Surely," said Saleh, not knowing what else to say.

"Therefore, Chik, I trust that thou wilt insert certain advice into thy father's heart, showing him how evil is his conduct, and urging him to give me money, more money. Also, thou who canst speak the white man's tongue, I trust that thou wilt take order to bring to the knowledge of the Tûan Resident the full measure of my calamities and the so evil behavior and carriage of the king, thy father."

To Saleh, filled with prejudices imported from England anent the privacy of family affairs, there was something grossly indecent in the idea of celebrating his return to Pelesu by a grand washing of the domestic linen of his mother's establishment in view of every white man in the country; but he felt that it would be vain to attempt to explain this feeling to the old woman at his side who alternately pleaded and stormed for money, more money.

She was storming now.

"It is all the fault of that slut Si-Jebah!" she cried. "To think that the minx was once a girl in mine own

house! To think that it was mine at pleasure to pinch and slap her, to bend back her fingers till they cracked and the screams came, to suspend her by her thumbs that she might know the torture of the live embers! To think that I might have done that and more, that I might have had my will of her in any fashion that I chose, and that there was no man to hinder since such things come but rarely to the ears of the Tûan Resident! But she was cunning, the accursed one,—cunning and meek and willing and soft-spoken in those days. She wheedled me then, as she wheedleth thy father to-day, and I never saw, blind eyes that were mine! how she was scheming. Wherefore she never received aught of punishment from me while she dwelt within my household. *Ya Allah! Ya Allah! Ya Allah!*"

Tungku Ampuan was rocking herself to and fro, to and fro, in a paroxysm of grief at the thought of these precious opportunities which she, lacking a prophetic vision, had so shamefully neglected. To Saleh, robbed through no fault of his own of the filial affection which might have helped him to pardon that which he could not approve, this exhibition of savage vindictiveness was something to turn one sick with horror and disgust. The abominable, opium-laden, stifling atmosphere of the place was making him physically giddy. The whole experience held for him something of the torturing unreality of a nightmare, yet throughout he knew that this was happening in fact, not in the fictitious agony of a dream.

Fortunately, perhaps, his mother was too drug-sodden and self-centred to be able to take much heed of the impression which was being created in her son's mind, and for near an hour she continued to pour forth her complaints and her rage. For months, almost for years, she had not stirred be-

yond the narrow limits of the half-bed, half-room in which she sat, and her ideas, her loves and her hates, had been whittled down to dimensions almost equally restricted,—anger against her husband, hatred of Che' Jebah and an impotent craving to torture her, a fierce desire for money, more money, which in its turn would help to feed her only love—her opium-pipe! She went through and through the whole gamut of these emotions, not once but with endless, aimless repetitions, for Saleh's benefit, and when at last he succeeded in making his escape, he felt shocked and outraged as though he had been called upon to witness some hideous indecency, or as though he had been forced (as indeed he had) to become the unwilling recipient of disgraceful secrets.

Shortly after his return to his own quarters he received a visit from two aged crones, tire-women of his mother's establishment, who with much mysterious paraphrase informed him that they had been sent by Tungku Ampūan to borrow from him the sum of one hundred dollars. They had much to say, and they said it with elaboration, and many details to give, and they spared Saleh no frac-

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tion of their squalor, bearing on the subject of the sordid poverty of the house; and the poor young fellow, with a feeling of intense repulsion at his heart, gave the money demanded of him in a frantic desire to be rid of the hags. As she reached the doorway one of them stealthily returned and whispered hoarsely and with much mystery into his ear, that Mūnah (which it appeared was the name of the girl whom he had seen filling his mother's opium-pipe) was fallen deeply in love with him and sent him greeting. The old witch added silly that Mūnah awaited his commands, weeping and beating her breasts in her distraction, and that she, the old witch aforesaid, was sorely in need of a five-dollar note.

It was then that the strain which the experiences of the day had put upon Saleh proved to be too much for his self-control. He broke out into angry, petulant, half-tearful rage, and the old woman fled from him in dismay to impart her firm conviction to the other members of the household that their mistress's son had returned to them after many days possessed by the incomprehensible devils which notoriously inhabit the bodies of white men.

(To be continued.)

THE TWO-POWER STANDARD.

A few months ago the Conservative Press was calling wildly for the adoption of a huge naval programme—one so costly that it could only be supported by a loan. Not content that our fighting power at sea should be more than equal to that of any two other Powers, its journals besought our Government to lay down two keels for every one proposed by Germany. In other words, the Two-Power standard was to give way to a Twice-as-great-as-any-other-Power standard.

Unfortunately the Liberal Government now in office seems to have been influenced by this increasing clamor. In politics sentiments, prejudices and hastily formed opinions prevail, and no one stops to think. A momentous national policy involving the expenditure of millions of pounds is adopted without any serious study on the part of the public. These few lines are written in the hope that, where they do not convince, they may at least stimulate inquiry in the direction of find-

ing a rational basis for the standard of a country's armament. There are few subjects of study at the present time which I can conceive to be of greater importance to the welfare of the human race.

The Two-Power standard will certainly be abandoned by this country before many years are past, but I have little doubt that it will be superseded by a standard different from that recommended by the Tories and largely accepted by the Liberals. Indeed, I challenge any one to justify the prevailing habit of regarding the Two-Power standard as a possible permanent policy. We cannot now build much more than this standard demands; in the future, I am convinced, we shall have to build less than it requires. This I hope to prove by some simple deductions from well-known facts of history.

As to disarmament, briefly, I believe that nations must remain armed sufficiently to make war more loss than gain to both sides, until a permanent International Government, able to preserve order with a military police force, has been evolved from the Hague Conferences. According to this principle of purely defensive armament, it would be sufficient that our navy should be at least equal to, or perhaps slightly greater than, that of any other power: in other words, we ought to conform to what I may call the "Strongest Power standard." Not only do I hope to show that this would be amply sufficient armament—I believe that I can easily show that economic conditions will oblige us to be content with this standard. Let us enter upon the appeal to history.

Previously to the years about 1765 England was essentially an agricultural country, the only important industrial occupations being handweaving, carried on in the Eastern and, sporadically, in the Western and

Northern counties, the leather trades, shipbuilding, and the smelting and finishing of iron practised chiefly amongst the forests of Kent and Sussex and in the Forest of Dean. The great industrial development began about this time with the invention of the spinning jenny and the power loom, with the collection of machinery in factories and the smelting of iron by coal. The machinery was driven first by water and later by steam power.

No movement of industrial awakening of similar magnitude began on the Continent until after 1848, for the wretched governments of the eighteenth century, followed by the Napoleonic wars, gave no security to capitalistic enterprise; and a long period of peace was necessary for recuperation. It is not, perhaps, too much to say that France and Germany started eighty years behind us; for it was not until some years after the settlement of 1870 that France, Germany and Belgium reached the same stage of industrial development which we had attained early in the nineteenth century. I speak, of course, of economic, not technical, development—that is to say, of the proportion of commerce, and of industrial capital and labor, to the whole population, and of the method of organizing production. In the comparatively advanced state which science and invention had reached at the beginning of their industrial development, Continental countries have had a great advantage over us; and more rapid progress has been made than was possible for us eighty years earlier. Germany in particular, by close attention to education and science, and by taking life seriously, has come almost abreast of us as a commercial and industrial nation. When she has accumulated more capital, and freed her trade from tariffs, she will probably pass ahead of us; that is to say, if we do not in the near future learn

a good deal from her methods of training men for positions in industry, both high and low.

Let us consider, then, what will be the position of this country in the world half a century hence. Russia will probably be beginning a great industrial development; and Japan, France, Italy, Belgium and Switzerland will be important manufacturing countries. Not one of these countries, however, is likely to equal us in wealth and trade. On the other hand, in fifty years Germany will be a somewhat richer, and decidedly more populous, country than our own; and probably the United States will be by far the wealthiest and most important nation in the world. The German mercantile marine will be, perhaps, three-fourths the size of our own, and will probably be better managed commercially and at least as well navigated. It is mainly our system of Free Trade which gives our country the greatest foreign commerce per head of population of any country in the world, and this enables and requires us to maintain the largest merchant fleet and navy. If in the United States the people prevail over the business interests and the protective duties are removed, the American merchant fleet in a few years may equal or surpass the trading fleet of Britain. The sizes of the navies of foreign countries relatively to our own fifty years hence depend, of course, upon the naval policy which we and they adopt; but there can be little doubt that by that time Germany will be as well able to maintain a large navy as we, whilst the United States will be much better able to afford it.

What will become of the Two-Power standard then? Can we hope to go on indefinitely supporting a navy equal to the fleets of Germany and the United States combined? For a few years we might do it, but the policy could be afterwards continued only at a cost

which would sap the very life-blood of the nation.

Let me picture the distressed condition that would be ours in fifty years if we endeavored to outstrip our two great rivals in the exercise of their full capacity for naval building—that is to say, if they were to build as fast as they could comfortably afford to do. All the civil activities of our Government would be stinted; and, since the nation could afford but comparatively poorly paid men, inefficiency would be rampant in the great administrative offices of State. Education would suffer, and the Government promotion of science and art; so that we should not only be in danger of losing our high position in the world of culture, but should be much handicapped in industry in comparison with other nations whose workmen would be more skilled, and their managers better trained. The general state of trade and employment would deteriorate; poverty would increase; and progress in domestic reform—better housing, the improvement of roads, the care of the aged and infirm—would be seriously hindered. Worst of all, however, would be the danger of postponing those many social reforms which it is now recognized can only be secured by gradually educating the country's youth in many ways at great expense. The price we should have to pay for maintaining the Two-Power standard is too heavy! We should be bartering our future as a great nation against a mere few years' security from a mental obsession—against freedom from anxiety, which, as I proceed to show, is utterly unwarranted by facts.

We ought thoroughly to understand, in the first place, that the British Empire exists at all only on the sufferance of other nations. This home truth is doubtless one we shirk like a bitter pill. It is the kind of fact, however, which enters into all the political thinking of a small nation, say, Bel-

gium or Switzerland. Many enlightened persons, proud citizens of a small country, have to accept it. Let us remember, then, that as surely as both of the countries I have mentioned lie at the mercy of France and England, or Germany and Austria, combined, so could we be crushed absolutely in a few weeks by a combination, say, of the United States, France, Germany, Russia and Japan—the other Powers with interests in the Pacific.

It may be asked: Why do these things not happen? The readiest answer is because such combinations are unthinkable—they ignore the strongest national antipathies and jealousies. But that is not the only reason, nor even a sufficient reason, I maintain. The real answer is because there is no desire among a sufficient number of nations that these small peoples, or ourselves, should be attacked and defeated; or to put the matter more truly still, because there is an active desire amongst a majority of the great nations that these countries should be left in peace. Whether this protection of individual nations from attack arises mainly from the material interests of neutrals, or from the moral sentiment of the educated world, I do not inquire; but the latter is a rapidly growing force now often underestimated.

The peace of Belgium and Switzerland, and our peace, depend then upon the goodwill of other nations. But this goodwill may be lost. Suppose Belgium were to annex the Congo, and merely proceed to greater oppression of the natives in open defiance of the wishes of the civilized world, or suppose that our Government, anxious to round off our South African possessions by the annexation of Delagoa Bay, were to make war with Portugal on a trumpery charge. There would be something more than an alienation of sympathy in each case, I think. We, like Belgium,

should be forced before or after war, to bow to the will of the other Powers. It is a delusion to suppose that there is no code of international morality. A public opinion of the world has grown during the past hundred years which is a restraining influence of truly remarkable force in international dealings. No war can now be made openly for the purpose of national aggrandizement, and each side manoeuvres diplomatically to make the other appear the aggressor. Japan would never have ventured on war with Russia without having the moral support of at least two great Powers, in addition to the benevolent neutrality of others, to secure her from intervention. We, on the other hand, came perilously near to embroiling ourselves with European Powers over the South African War; and it would be hypocritical to deny that in our negotiations before the war we were very careful to avoid so far as possible all appearances of being aggressors, and that we were not displeased that our foreign critics should see hostilities commence by an invasion of our territory.

If, as I firmly believe, I am right in regarding a kind of international morality or international public opinion as a rapidly growing force, tending to restrain a country from unjust attack upon another, it follows that if British actions are such as commend themselves to the moral judgment of mankind there is no reason for us to fear attack. It is said that a pretext can always be found for going to war. This is true, but under present conditions the pretext has to be one which will pass muster in the court of foreign opinion. The press of every civilized country thoroughly sifts the pros and cons of any international dispute, and passes judgment.

The recent almost universal condemnation of Bulgaria for her violation of treaty in seizing the Ottoman Railway

is an excellent case in point; and it has been followed by an almost equally general reprobation of the action of Austria in annexing Bosnia-Herzegovina. The Servian populace, outraged in every aspiration and sentiment of nationality, undoubtedly clamored for war; but their rulers wisely restrained them. The dignified conduct of the new Government of Turkey was beyond praise. The Russian people expressed their sympathy with Servia, and thus they, even more than the Russian Government's dire need of financial assistance, were instrumental in preventing the latter from expressing any active sympathy with Austria.

The problems of the Near East are by no means solved; but events, so far as they have yet progressed, are eloquent testimony to the force of the general feeling of repugnance to war, and to the anxiety to avoid it. Europe has just passed through a crisis which a hundred, nay even fifty, years ago would almost certainly have brought immediate war. Let us inquire why there has been no war, and why we can look forward with some confidence to the achievement of a permanent settlement without it. I believe the greatest force tending to preserve peace has been the public opinion of France, England, the United States and Germany. The reasonableness of the Bulgarian demand for independence, and to some extent of the Austrian claim for territorial compensation for her reforming work in Bosnia, is generally allowed. Yet the former is everywhere held to have been ill-timed; whilst the action of Austria in seizing territory in violation of her treaty obligations is unequivocally condemned by all who are free to speak their minds. The firm action of our Government in the public announcement of their attitude had doubtless the most salutary effect, and there was a moment when most Eng-

lishmen felt glad that we had a navy capable of giving very effective support to any injured nation, though a somewhat smaller navy would no doubt have been equally effective.

The full lesson of the recent crisis is only to be learnt, however, by proceeding to consider what were the causes tending towards war. The determination of Bulgaria to gain independence, the schemes of Baron Aehrenthal for the southerly extension of Austrian dominion, the injury to the rejuvenated Turkish national sentiment caused by the loss of more remnants of sovereignty, all tended towards war; and of these the first two were undoubtedly the most provocative. Why, we must ask, were Austria and Bulgaria so unwilling to have their claims considered by an International Conference? The answer is that they feared the result of any such submission, for the reason, I believe, that they knew that even in so far as their claims were just no International Conference would have the courage openly to recognize them as such, and act accordingly. A Conference of the Powers always shirks the real issue and decides on a compromise, which consists largely in maintaining the *status quo*. International Conferences ought to bear in mind that political difficulties are the result of evolution. As nations develop and change in their size, character and wealth, the old political grouping becomes disadvantageous, nay even harmful and burdensome. Change *must* come about in some way—the progress of the human race demands it—and if the Powers of Europe in Conference assembled will not recognize the need and make the necessary changes war is inevitable sooner or later. The mutual jealousies which paralyzed the Algeiras Conference are a scandal in the enlightened civilization of our age; and one may be permitted to hope that in future the Governments

of the more advanced countries will enter conferences with the frank declaration that they are determined not to let the individual ambitions of any country interfere with the execution of whatever changes may seem best in regard to the countries directly concerned in the difficulties under discussion. If they would make such a declaration, and adhere to it, conferences would soon become the recognized method of settling international troubles instead of being the most unpopular.

The common objection to reliance on the goodwill of other nations, that the moral judgment even of the most civilized peoples of the world is liable to be swayed by their sympathies and antipathies, has, therefore, to a certain extent to be admitted. But in any particular case the greater number of nations have no strong motives of sympathy or interest to warp their sense of justice, and it is the moral judgment of this majority which has already become a powerful force, making for progress and peace so far as it gains expression, and which with courage, such as was recently shown by our Government, in its declaration on the Balkan question, may become much more effective yet.

The foregoing considerations are, in my opinion, enough to prove the thesis I am arguing, namely, that the Strongest Power standard is amply sufficient for our protection; and that the attempt to maintain the Two-Power standard is not only a burden, which we shall soon be unable to bear, but is in reality absolutely unneeded. That a country's armament must depend upon its policy is almost a trite saying; yet how few men fully realize this truth, and all the consequences thereof! If we wish to act as a domineering bully, to defy the world, annexing here, "protecting" there, and generally forcing our will on other people, we require in

these days not a Two-Power, but a Five- or Six-Power standard. On the other hand, if we are content—and it should be our highest pleasure—to take our place as an equal in the circle of the great Powers of the world, we can behave in such a manner that we require no great armament for the protection of our trade or empire. We have only to shape our policy in the manner I shall now set forth.

Our most important duty is to see that in international affairs we act justly according to the standard by which the thinking world now judges; but this is not all that is incumbent upon us. We should further take pains so to conduct our affairs that we may give no other nation cause for alarm for its own safety. We must not speak menacingly, or arm ourselves to a needless extent, or other nations will arm simply for fear of us, and the mad race will have no ending. Had I space I would show how much of Continental naval armament is due to fear of Great Britain. Germany in particular, whilst fearing France and Russia by land, is even more fearful of us by sea now that she has colonies and a considerable merchant fleet. The nervous German patriot regards us as an unscrupulous rival (South Africa proving our want of scruple), jealous of the growing foreign trade and commercial competition of youthful Germany, rapidly increasing our navy with the express purpose of crushing German foreign trade, and only watching a favorable opportunity to attack. All our professions of goodwill and talk of limiting armaments (we do nothing) are regarded as so much dust thrown in their faces. We must try not to create such an impression.

After all, to follow the course I have just outlined is merely to suggest that we, as a nation, should act towards other nations as one gentleman does to another. The true gentleman not

only acts justly to all—so far is he from causing fear through acts which might be construed as menace or injury that he is careful of every one's susceptibilities, and anxious not to give pain or offence by uncourteous behavior. If nations would restrain their words and actions by the code of a gentleman, a real advance towards mutual understanding and peace would have been taken. If we, for our part, were to live up to that standard, I am convinced that the goodwill we already enjoy from so many peoples would be greatly extended and strengthened,

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and that we could with perfect confidence and safety abandon the maintenance of an overwhelmingly predominant navy, and adopt the more modest standard of being by a little the strongest naval power. If we displayed our confidence in others and ceased to increase our navy, other countries would not be long in emulating our example. Many a time have we led the world in progress: let us have the courage of our convictions once again in this, perhaps, at the present time, the greatest of all possible reforms.

H. Stanley Jevois.

AS AN INDIAN SEES AMERICA—III: THE AMERICAN NEWSPAPER: ITS SECRET METHODS.*

MR. SAINT NIHAL SING.

It appears strange to me that the American newspapers escape with as few libel and defamation of character suits as they do. But I notice, that the city editors, under whose guidance the things described in my last paper are perpetrated, know enough of law to enable them to steer clear of making the newspaper liable for legal action. In addition to this, every newspaper has at its beck and call lawyers who advise and defend it. I may add that the general impression in America is becoming deeper and deeper, that the business of lawyers is to abet law-breaking by pointing out to the law-breakers how far they can go, and by endeavoring to save them from the clutches of justice, when they overstep the boundary line. Not only is legal advice constantly sought in the editorial department, but in the business department lawyers suggest to the heads just how far they dare to go in threatening delinquent creditors by means of the postal service of the

country, as the laws are very strict in this respect.

The American reporter takes long chances, not caring for the consequences. The story was related to me of a Chicago newspaper man who performed a daring *coup*. Leutgert, a manufacturer of sausages, was being tried for having killed his wife and destroying her body in a vat of potash. The case was of a nature which appealed to the newspaper readers as nothing had done before. All the newspapers were eager to get hold of and print exclusive stories connected with the case, and to publish what transpired at the trial prior to its appearance in other newspapers. The publication of an exclusive news item of vital moment is known in New York as a "beat," but in other American cities is called a "scoop." All Chicago daily papers were anxious to secure the first news of the verdict. Three reporters belonging to a paper perfected a plan with a view to achieving their object. An air shaft runs from the top floor to the basement of the Crim-

* "The Living Age." Nov. 28, 1908, and March 20, 1909.

inal Court Building. The jury room was connected with this shaft by a ventilator. It had been boldly asserted that efforts had been made to approach the jurors with bribes and the building was watched by a number of guards. In spite of the watchful eyes of officers, however, two of the reporters managed to smuggle a long rope and a swing-seat into the building. The two daring young men waited until the jury was locked up, and then managed to make their way, unobserved, to the garret of the building. The lightest of the men was lowered down the shaft, a descent of one hundred feet. The plan was successful, as the reporter hanging suspended in the air shaft by a rope, held by the two men at the top of the building, was enabled to glue his ear to the open ventilator leading to the jury room and hear everything that transpired. He remained in his perilous position for five hours, making notes of the proceedings of the jury. As a result, the paper for which these reporters worked was able to startle the city next day with a detailed report of the proceedings in the jury room, where Leutger's life hung in the balance. Other papers scoffed at the unheard-of feat, and declared the report was fictitious, but corroborative evidence was so great that they were silenced. The three reporters were not daunted, however, by the difficulties which lay in the way of their securing further facts regarding the deliberations. The watchfulness of the guards was redoubled, and they realized that they were face to face with the hardest work in their career. They devoted hours to planning, and finally discovered that a ventilator opened from the courtroom into the air shaft. They decided that through this they would attempt to listen to what was going on in the room below. They managed to hide themselves in the court room until the doors were locked

by attendants. Then it was an easy matter for one of the men to remove the ventilator, thrust his head into the air shaft and listen to every word that was being said by the jurors. The indefatigable three were rewarded by a lively quarrel among the twelve men, which gave them a spectacular feature for their article. The temperature stood at the freezing point, but the reporters remained at their post throughout the night, securing a second big "scoop." The three newspaper men did not sleep during the seventy hours the jury was deliberating. The salary of the man who engineered the *coup* at that time was fifty-four rupees a week. It was at once raised to a much larger figure in recognition of the work he had done.

This story is true to the letter. It is a wonder to me that the reporters were not sent to jail for contempt of court; but more than likely the judge himself admired the cunning and pluck of the news-gatherers. This incident brings to mind the fact that so long as there are men who are eager to use their cleverness, adroitness and daring in catering to the sensation-itching public, the yellow-newspaper-man will be a prominent figure in the United States.

Allied to the yellow-news-gatherer and photographer is the newspaper man who goes about the world stealing other peoples' ideas. He makes the men and women he comes across—some of them persons belonging to his own profession—talk. What he learns from conversation he incorporates in his articles. This species of manhood (?) is called "idea grafter"—and not only men but women belong to this category. The writer has known cases where small magazines and newspapers returned articles submitted to them and after a time printed garbled versions of them.

A great deal of what appears in the daily newspapers is not prepared in

the office of the publication. The comic pictures, the short story, humorous sketches, jokes, descriptive and travel articles, etc., are usually bought from newspaper syndicates. These syndicates engage writers whose work is read with avidity by the public, employ artists whose "funny pictures" appeal to the man or woman who purchases the newspaper; buy stories and novels written by popular authors and send out observant and clever newspaper men and women to foreign countries to travel and write about things. One American writer of travel articles is paid Rs. 150,000 per year by a syndicate for his exclusive services. This sum does not include his travel expenses, which are paid on a liberal basis by the syndicate which employs him. The articles, stories, novels, photographs and sketches produced by these regular staff members or bought from "free-lances," are copyrighted and sold to a number of newspapers. Every one of the papers buys material from the syndicate, usually agreeing not to print it before a certain time. The United States is a land of trusts and syndicates. Even religious literature is published by a combine which, greedy for a high rate of interest on the money invested, charges ridiculously high prices for bibles, prayer-books, hymn-books, etc. The newspaper syndicate idea originated in the United States and is being carried to perfection there. While the syndicates pay good prices to writers with reputations, they make it necessary, for the sake of economy, for the average newspaper to buy increasingly larger quantities of matter from them. This is crushing out many a promising young writer—making "free-lance" newspaper work almost an impossibility.

This sad feature of treading under foot the budding genius of youthful writers is more forcefully seen in the country papers. Trusts have estab-

lished themselves throughout the country which make a specialty of producing "ready prints." They buy material from the syndicates—are members of the Associated Press, which gives them the news of the country and of the world—have local writers and reporters. They prepare newspapers and print them, reserving two or more of the outer sheets for the newspaper to print the news of the village, local advertisements and editorials. Affairs are so carefully managed that one and the same town may have "ready-print" service and still give practically distinct papers to the community. Organization makes it possible for the syndicates to sell to the country newspapers four, six, eight or ten page "ready-print," at practically the price paid by him for white paper used for print. This means that the newspaper publisher in a country town who takes advantage of this scheme spends almost no effort whatever and very little money in getting ready at least three-quarters of his paper. This plan offers unique facilities to the publishers of country papers, and places in their power the ability to present to their readers a variety of matter, news gathered by experts from all centres of the United States and from all parts of the globe, articles and stories written by men and women of exceptional talents. The ready-prints, however, limit the number of writers and deprive the young men and women in the villages from trying their hands at newspaper-writing by contributing to their country paper and thus developing their capability as writers.

Newspaper unions supply to certain newspapers stereotyped plates of news and editorial matter, serial stories, short stories, disquisitions on religious, moral and political topics, to newspapers which do not care for "ready-prints." These plates obviate the necessity of buying the articles and

setting them in type, being of such a standard that all the editor has to do is to put them on a metal base and print his paper. The newspaper unions, through concentration of talent, are enabled to supply those plates at ridiculously low prices to the newspaper publishers in towns of fairly large population, whose readers want something better than country papers. The syndicates which supply "ready-prints" to newspapers are able to sell sheets printed on one side at about the price of ordinary white printing paper, because of the money they make from printing advertisements along with the regular newspaper matter. In addition to these syndicates there are "publicity bureaux" established in different parts of the country which supply regular weekly letters to newspapers in the country and small cities, free of cost. In the news items they very cleverly insert insidious advertising matter and for this they are liberally paid by the people to whose products they give publicity.

Not only country newspapers are published by means of the "ready-print" but even magazines are brought out this way. The writer knows of a firm which makes a specialty of printing an illustrated magazine. Blank space is left on the title page for inserting the title and the name and address of the publisher. Blank pages are also left for printing articles, news and advertisements of a local nature. By means of elimination of a great deal of unnecessary work and by securing handsome rates for advertising matter, the firm is able to make attractive terms to an enterprising man in a small town to get out a local magazine and build for himself a profitable trade.

So far I have confined myself exclusively to telling the inside secrets of newspaper production in the United States. In conclusion, a few words may

be added to give an idea of some of the methods employed in selling them. The first aim of the average American newspaper is to have sensational news, pictures and cartoons, so that the average man and woman will be attracted to it. The second ideal of the general run of American papers is to have everything, so that men and women of all kinds and conditions will be attracted. To mention a few attractions: Many readers buy a certain newspaper because it has a good, snappy, terse, short story which appeals to their emotions, or because it has half a column of an interesting, engrossing serial story published from day to day. There are many women who buy a newspaper because it contains household hints which are invaluable to them in the kitchen, in the boudoir, in the nursery, in the sewing room, in the shop, store or factory. Some women are attracted to a paper because there are in it reliable recipes for beautifying their faces and figures, or because the love-lorn are advised how to mend their broken hearts. A certain type of men and women like the newspapers which make it a point to carry on controversies inviting their readers to write letters, all or most of which are printed and prizes awarded for the first and second best. Some papers make a practice of printing serial stories of mystery and offering a prize to the one who guesses how the story will end. One paper offers as high as Rs. 3,000 to the successful guesser. These contests are widely advertised on bill-boards and a great deal of enthusiasm frequently is excited in them. The intelligent class of readers are catered for by providing them with good editorials, lessons from history, correspondence from abroad, lessons in short-hand or some foreign or conglomerate language, as, for instance, Esperanto. Fashion plates, agricultural and garden notes, automobile and such

other departments interest some. Every paper expends more money on the department devoted to sports and athletics than to any other. Each sport has an editor whose exclusive attention is devoted to it. Several men write about the base ball games; horse races, foot ball, La Crosse, bowling, yachting, prize-fighting, wrestling, and, in fact, every form of sport is carefully handled and written about in detail. The "sporting page" is considered the most important feature of the paper. The head-lines are written in such a manner that they whet the curiosity of the one who sees them and lure the reader to buy a paper in order to see the story which the head-lines indicate. These head-lines are printed in huge letters that can be read across the street, and are gotten up scientifically with a view to selling the papers. In many instances head-lines are printed with red ink, while the rest of the paper is printed with black. Some of the newspapers issue "special sporting editions," either printed on green or red paper, or with green or red ink. On March 17th "St. Patrick's Day," which is celebrated by the "wearing of the green," certain enterprising American metropolitan newspapers print the entire edition on vivid green paper, and these sheets sell like hot cakes to the enthusiastic Irishmen who appreciate the courtesy extended to them. On the Fourth of July (America's national birthday) some of the papers print the news on a sheet which is printed in colors to represent the well-known stars and stripes of the United States flag. Recently a "corn exhibition" was held in a Western city. Almost every sheet of the papers had either a huge cornstalk decorating it, or was framed about with an artistic design of corn-stalks and corn-cobs. Every occasion of this nature is taken advantage of by the papers to get out "special editions" and add to their sub-

scription lists thousands of subscribers.

The wagons used to deliver newspapers are, as a rule, plastered with advertisements which bring out the special features of the papers, and the interest of the reading public is constantly kept stimulated by the promise of a new sensation—and sensation is what the American reading public craves. I have known old-fashioned people who bought a newspaper merely for the sake of reading the legitimate news of the great world—but they are few. For the most part, the papers are purchased because some picture, or head-line struck a chord in the emotional nature of the purchaser and roused the curiosity to the point of making him spend money for the sheet in order to gratify his desire for a "thrill."

In addition to these routine methods of increasing and keeping up the circulation, original and novel plans are used. A newspaper in Chicago, for instance, organizes night lectures in schools in various parts of the city, where well-known and well-informed speakers interest and instruct the public, by thoughtful discourses delivered in an easy, light style and accompanied by limelight pictures. The public is allowed free entree. Every week a new lecture, lecturer and illustrations are provided, and sometimes musical concerts, theatrical performances, and dramatic readings are substituted.

One newspaper in a metropolitan American city advertises itself by distributing free ice for babies to be used to keep the milk sweet, so they will not be forced to drink soured milk and perhaps die from the resulting stomach and bowel troubles. Another newspaper in the same city maintains in the summer, a sanitarium by the lake-side, where poor peoples' children are cared for in the day-time and thus afforded the opportunity of having fresh air and basking in the sun. Still another

newspaper maintains an employment agency which secures positions free of charge for men and women.

Some of the American newspapers have tried to hold themselves firmly fixed to the old conservative way of doing things. They have scorned the headline of large and lurid type. They have refused to publish sensational, trashy stories. They have held up their hands in holy horror at the idea of catering to the lower emotions of their readers, but have, instead, held

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to the higher ideal of printing only the news which "is fit to print," as one of them puts it. But one by one these old-fashioned sheets are being pushed, by the exigencies of the times, into the yellow field. One by one, forced by rapidly-diminishing circulation, they are adopting the yellow methods which they have erstwhile decried, and the time is not far distant when every sheet in America will be of the yellow order.

Allahabad, India.

TO PLEASE THE DUCHESS.

Ser Giacomo Buonaccorsi's task was finished.

"This gold cup should please even a severer critic than her grace Eleonora," he said, lifting the cup from the table before him, and regarding it lovingly.

Truly it was a beautiful object. From a finely wrought base of leafy branches intertwined rose two dryads, whose curving arms encircled the cup they held between them. The grace of the figures, the rich chasing on the bowl itself, the tracery of leaves and twigs, the fantasy of the design!

"*Per Bacco*, I have never done better!" cried Giacomo, a lean, brown man of about fifty.

At his words, his twin brother Giacopo, who was working at a wax model at the other side of the table, looked up. "Truly, you have excelled yourself, brother," he answered.

For these two no mirror was necessary. From under bushy brows the same eyes gleamed, save that those of Giacomo were a thought bolder, a twinkle more whimsical than those of Giacopo; each wore the same crisp beard, lightly sprinkled with gray; to each belonged a hairy mole near the right eye.

They shared the same shop on the Ponte Vecchio—the Goldsmiths' Bridge—and wrought therein many beautiful things, which had earned the reward of having more than one sonnet in flowing Tuscan affixed to their door. For the rest, Giacomo was a widower with one son, Paolino, who was of a sentimental cast, and perhaps responsible for some of the sonnets; while Giacopo was a bachelor with two cats, *Il Bravo* and *Il Santo*, who rarely left him, and who stole his dinner tranquilly when he was not looking. *Il Bravo* was a disreputable-looking animal, minus a tail, and with a rakishly cocked ear; *Il Santo* was sleek, fat, and not nearly such a saint as he looked.

The only other immediate member of the household was the apprentice, Cocco, a lad of small brains but good conceit of himself—a not unusual combination.

The waters of the Arno rushed beneath the room in which the Buonaccorsi brothers sat. The window faced towards the sunset, whose golden hour had not yet arrived. They could see the tall houses jutting out over the river, buttressed and balconied, with thin curls of smoke rising above their red roofs; along the opposite bank rode

a gay cavalier, attended by two curly haired pages. They seemed in a hurry; their horses' hoofs struck sparks from the cobble-stones, and their accoutrements jingled as they clattered nearer, and passed out of sight. After them came a peasant in rough homespun, crying green almonds—"Nuts from the country! Country nuts!" Then followed a knot of Dominican friars—"Dogs of the Lord," as they facetiously played upon their name—picturesque in their black and white.

Giacopo drew a long breath. "I could sit here for ever, watching the river and these changing sights. With one's work and a view like that—yes, and one's cats; I had almost forgotten you, little comrades," he said, stooping to caress an arched back—"a man would be a churi indeed who was not satisfied."

"It is well for you, dreamer. You have not a son to place in the world, and to marry. *Domeniddio!*" cried Giacomo, smiting the table. "What poor liquid runs in the veins of the young men of the present day! Not red blood. I warrant you! Look at Paolino, he is more son of yours than mine! A dreamer, a gazer at the clouds, a sonneteer, who worships an ideal, and is not stirred by a flying petticoat!"

A smothered chuckle came from the shop outside, where Cocco sat to await customers; but Giacomo took no notice.

"He will not have this one; he will not have that one. He will not look at Messer Valori's Maria, though she has a dowry fit for a princess. He is too young, he says, forsooth! That is the latest plea, if it please you. He asks for time, for a chance to find his ideal."

"He is right. Give him time. There is no hurry; and there are many fair maids in Florence with good portions."

When the two spoke, the difference between them was more apparent. If

the faces were identical the characters were dissimilar.

"There is hurry. We are not as young as we were twenty years ago, and I desire to see my grandchildren about my knees. I can get Paolino as good a portion with his wife as any of our rank in Florence. What more does he want than a pretty maid with a long purse? *Altro*, at his age I was in love ten deep, and the flutter of a black eyelash was enough to set my pulses beating. What sort of lashes has an ideal, I wonder?"

Giacomo snorted scornfully, and was echoed by another chuckle from the shop.

"Maledictions on that pumpkin-head! Cocco, what are you laughing at?"

Cocco appeared in the doorway, an ungainly lad, with a shock of hair which hung down to his shoulders and over his little bright eyes.

"*Maestro*, I was only smiling at two urchins fighting over a dead mouse," he answered, blinking.

"Smile more silently in future, then, and sharpen your sense of humor on something more truly comical."

"Of a certainty, *maestro*," said Cocco. "I see two nobles coming along the bridge. I think they are the two who were here yesterday—the one with the long nose and the velvet cloak, and the other—"

"Yes, yes, of a truth they must be coming here. You must see them, brother, for I am to be at the Palazzo Vecchio before sunset with the Duchess's gold cup. It is a birthday present from the Duke. I will escape by the side door, for they enjoy conversing with me so much that, if I were once caught, they would never let me go."

"I wish Nature had given me a little of your ready wit," sighed Giacomo, rising reluctantly. "I hope they will decide to-day whether they will buy that turquoise belt or not."

"Lead them gently to believe we do

not wish to sell it. That is the best way to make them desire it," returned Giacomo, putting the goblet into an ivory casket carved with dryads and *amorini*, which was his contribution towards the Duchess's birthday offerings. Truth to tell, policy played a large part in his generosity; for to please the Duchess was to please the Duke, and to please Duke Cosimo was the laudable if prudent desire of every good citizen of Florence.

Giacomo Buonaccorsi threaded his way through the narrow, crowded streets, bustling with life and movement, exchanging several greetings as he went, for he was a man of much acquaintance.

The afternoon sun shone hotly when he emerged into the Piazza della Signoria. It seemed to Giacomo to shine fiercest on the spot where, so many years ago, fanaticism had killed two famous fires--the Furnace of Vanities, by which Savonarola signalized his zenith, and the Fire of Martyrdom, through whose flames he himself passed later. Giacomo crossed himself surreptitiously as he hurried towards the great entrance of the Palazzo, with its broad flight of shallow steps guarded by Bandinelli's monstrous Hercules and Cacus on the right, and the Marzocco, the emblematical lion of Florence, on the left.

With a sense of relief he entered the cool, spacious court, where a few men-at-arms lingered somnolently, lulled by the splash and tinkle of the fountain in the centre, where a lovely bronze boy held aloft a struggling dolphin, from whose nostrils jets of crystal water spouted into a porphyry basin.

One of the Duke's secretaries awaited him, and ushered him up polished stairs and through tapestried corridors to the apartments of the Duchess.

"The Duke has expected you this

hour past," he said, pausing before a richly carved door.

"I am sorry," Giacomo returned, in nowise abashed; "but I came on the instant my work was finished. It is better to be a moment late, Master Secretary, than to bring anything to the Duke which is unworthy of his Excellency."

The secretary threw open the door with an offended flourish.

"Messer Buonaccorsi waits on your Excellency," he announced.

"Bid him enter," said the Duke's full tones, in which an imperious note sounded.

Giacomo obeyed.

The afternoon sun shone full through the window, touching the gilding of the panelling to an almost dazzling radiance. Indeed, the whole impression of the little chamber was of light, richness, and sumptuous coloring.

The Duke, who sat beside the Duchess on a carved settee with crimson velvet covering, was clad in purple, as was his wont, while round his neck hung a magnificent chain composed of linked golden roses, each with a diamond for centre. The Duchess's voluptuous Spanish beauty was enhanced by the robe of rose-red satin which she wore, adorned with priceless Venetian lace; her full white throat was clasped by many strings of pearls, while a pearl rope hung far below her knees. The Duke was playing with its tassel when Giacomo entered, bowing low.

"Ha, Messer Buonaccorsi!" he said, with brows slightly bent. "I had looked for you sooner."

With much address Giacomo repeated an elaborate version of the excuse he had given the secretary.

The Duchess Eleanora bent forward, and laid her finger on her husband's lips. She had exquisite hands, which she was fond of displaying, and next her wedding-ring gleamed a great ruby

which Giacomo had set for her, with little loves and other adornments.

"I will not have my little goldsmith scolded," she said. "If he brought you inferior work, my dear lord, you would be the first to blame. Take the casket from him, and show me the contents. I am consumed with curiosity to know what they can be. I protest that I can wait no longer to learn what this very special present is."

The Duke's brow relaxed. He delighted to humor her in everything, and, though both obstinate and capricious in his dealings with men, he always showed a great tenderness and unvarying love for his wife.

"It is better to be late through zeal than through carelessness," said the Duke, turning to Giacomo with an air of profound wisdom. "Let me see if your work be worthy of the object for which it is designed."

"Does your Excellency, then, call me an object?" pouted the Duchess, with a coquettish glance of her great eyes.

"The most beautiful object in the world," returned the Duke, kissing the hand on which the ruby glowed.

The sober-suited secretary looked on from his corner, and Giacomo waited, with the ivory casket in his hands. He, as well as his brother, was *persona grata* at the Ducal Court, and he was so conversant with the ways of the great, that he knew that for them, on occasions like this, lesser beings such as he and the secretary actually did not exist. He waited until it was their good pleasure to notice him again, and watched the motes dancing in the sunlight with unperturbed patience.

"The casket!—the casket!" cried the Duchess at last.

Giacomo opened it, and displayed the goblet, resting on a white velvet bed.

With an exclamation of pleasure she put out her hands to take it; while the

Duke watched her with amused curiosity.

"But it is beautiful!" she said, turning to him. "My dearest lord, it is indeed beautiful! Jewels I have in plenty, but this——?"

"It is for daily use. It is that I may know that at least twice a day you must touch my gift with your lips."

"Your grace has not forgotten how to play the lover, it seems," she said prettily, flushed and pleased. Then, turning to the maker of the gift: "The design, Messer Buonaccorsi, is altogether admirable. Such grace! Such invention!"

Giacomo drew nearer. "Will your Excellency suffer me to explain it! See the branches on the base from which the wood-nymphs spring. That on the right, your Excellency will observe, is the oak, which typifies strength, courage, fidelity; while that on the left is the maple, which in itself shows beauty and grace; while, as your Excellency is aware, it is the tree upon which we Tuscans train our vines, which give us the very heart's blood of our beloved country. From these two, spring the spirits of the trees to hold eternally for your acceptance the cup of the love of my lord the Duke."

The Duke laughed. "Bravo, Buonaccorsi! You have a wit of your own."

"You are indeed a poet," said the Duchess graciously, turning the golden cup this way and that. "I did not know that one of you was a poet. Indeed, you bewilder me, you Buonaccorsi brothers. I am never sure which is the saint and which the *bravo*."

"Your Excellency is thinking of the cats," said Giacomo, with a twinkle.

"Will not the description fit the men?" asked the Duchess smiling.

"It would ill beseem me to contradict your Grace."

"However that may be, you are both excellent craftsmen," said the Duke, "and we are pleased to have you about

our Court. I have many other works which I wish you to undertake——"

"Your Excellency overwhelms me."

"Did you make this casket also?" asked the Duchess, who had been examining the dainty piece.

"I had that honor, hoping that your Excellency might deem it worthy of acceptance."

"Oh, but this is a very good little goldsmith, indeed!" cried the Duchess, in high humor. "Come, my lord, what reward shall we give Messer Buonaccorsi for his skill?"

"I leave that entirely to you. It is for you to name what you esteem fitting."

The Duchess pondered for a moment, finger on lip. She possessed a peculiar sense of humor; she was always ready to make fine promises, and she had a not uncommon dislike to parting with ready money.

Suddenly a flash lit up her slumbrous eyes. She had thought of a plan which would gratify all these characteristics at once. She laughed aloud, and whispered in the Duke's ear. He smiled, shrugged, and nodded. She turned to Giacomo, and spoke, with a sweet gravity in which yet lurked bubbles of laughter.

"I know you are a true artist, Messer Buonaccorsi, and love your art better than paltry dross. Yet you must be fittingly rewarded, and such craftsmanship should be encouraged; therefore, I have decided that the Duke shall reimburse you for the gold which you have put into the cup, with an hundred crowns over and above for your trouble."

In spite of himself Giacomo's face fell a little. For a hundred crowns (silver as he well knew they would be) would never pay him for his work; and he had looked for something handsome. The Duchess continued:

"And, in the hope that there may be such another genius among them, I

promise you a thousand crowns——"

Giacomo's eyes brightened.

"——for every grandson you may have now or in future."

"But, your Excellency," stammered Giacomo.

The Duke laughed heartily at the goldsmith's discomfiture; but the Duchess drew herself up with a little air of offence.

"Do you not think it a handsome offer?"

"It is indeed worthy of your Ladyship," said Giacomo, recovering himself.

"You must hasten to marry," she said graciously, "and bring up for our service a fine young family."

Giacomo's eyes began to twinkle shrewdly. He saw that she thought him Giacomo—the bachelor—and, though he seemed yet far from the first of his thousand crowns, in a measure the laugh was on his side.

"I am hard to please for my age, your Excellency," he said. "Also, being a craftsman, I have been brought up on business-like principles, and should feel grateful if—just as a matter of form—your Excellency would endorse that noble offer, which your Grace was pleased to make."

"Faith, you're right, Buonaccorsi!" cried the Duke, in nowise offended by the suggestion, as the other half-feared he might have been. "Come, madam, out with your little tablets; and Fabrizio here and I will witness."

"Nay," pouted the Duchess, "it is my dear lord who must write the document; and the secretary and I will sign as witnesses."

"Be it so," answered the Duke.

And in a moment or two the promise was written, signed, and sealed, and delivered into Giacomo's safe keeping.

He bowed low as he stowed it away in an inner pocket of his russet doublet.

"I am overcome with gratitude to your Excellencies, and I hope one day

to claim the fulfilment of that promise. I shall urge my son Paolino to find him a wife as soon as may be; and in that event, perhaps, your Excellencies will excuse me from faring forth a second time upon the matrimonial sea."

With this, he left the chamber, not waiting to see if his shot had told. With busily working brain he wended his way through the streets, this time taking a round in his absent-mindedness. Passing down the busy street of stocking-makers, he skirted the Church of Orsanmichele, with its beautiful traceried windows and canopied marble saints, and realized, with a start, where he was, when he saw the square battlemented tower of the Arte della Lana rising above him, with the sculptured lamb standing out upon its arch.

"This will not do. My brain is becoming wool," he thought. "I must get back to the shop."

As he entered the portal, Cocco rose, with a bowl which he had been polishing in his hand.

"Messer Paolino has returned, *maestro*," said he, anxious to please. "He is gaily clad. He sings of love as he works. He is like the cuckoo—all voice and feathers."

"What business is that of thine, varlet?" said Giacomo, giving him a cuff, without malice, as he passed within.

The low-browed room was hot and sunfilled. Its aspect was the same as that of the Duchess Eleanora's chamber; but how different was its appearance! The plain carved wooden furniture, the graving tools, the wax models, the papers on the table at which Giacomo and Paolino sat, the latter drawing a design for a mirror, and softly singing to himself as he worked—all was simple and low-toned. The only color was supplied by Paolino's cloak, which hung on a nail on the wall, a few finished gold and silver vessels and a handful of uncut gems spread

on the table by Giacomo's elbow. The square window framed a picture of a golden river flowing towards the sunset, and golden sands on which were silhouetted the bronze half-naked figures of fishermen casting their dun slimy nets into the water.

"What luck, brother?" asked Giacomo. "Was the Duchess pleased?"

"As pleased as a cat with a mouse," answered Giacomo shortly, flinging himself into a seat and wiping his heated brow.

"What recompense did you get?"

"The gold of the cup and an hundred crowns."

Giacomo raised his eyebrows. "That is not over-generous."

"I have the promise of more, both work, and pay," he returned, determined for some whim to keep his own counsel about the other matter for the present.

Paolino smiled, and sang softly:

Lemon blossom!

The lemon it is bitter, too bitter for eating,
But bitterer his pain that loves thee, sweeting.

Pomegranate blossom!

If a flame of fire were the sighs I sigh,
All the world would be burnt thereby.

Gather the roses and let the leaves be,
Dearly I love to make love to thee!

"It is all very well to sing of such matters," said his father, with severity. "But, in the field of Love, action is necessary."

Paolino put down his work, fetched a *flasco* of wine, and poured a measure for his father, who drank it thirstily.

"You are a good lad, and would make an excellent husband. I cannot understand your reluctance. Here are at least four charming damsels whom you have refused, each with a purse of the necessary length."

"Where's the hurry? Are we not happy enough as we are?"

"That is ever the cry. We are happy enough, I admit; but you would be happier with a loving wife and beautiful children."

Paolino flushed. "That is true."

"Then why hesitate? What is wrong with Maria, with Agnese, with Giuliana?"

Paolino set his lips firmly. "They do not please me."

"Do not please you? Are you a prince to pick and choose? Have not I, your father, almost become a by-word in Florence on account of your particularity? You would look for a hair in an egg! What manner of woman, then, do you desire that these comely maidens are not good enough for you?"

Paolino struggled with rising temper, conquered it, and answered good-humoredly:

"Do you not know the *rispetto* on the seven beauties which a woman should possess? Those are my sentiments." And he sang in a very mellow voice the old air with its curious Eastern cadence:

The perfect woman should have beauties seven

Before she have the right to be called fair—

Tall she should be, without her slippers even;

Of red and white in which paint claims no share;

To shoulders broad a thin waist should be given;

From sweet lips sweet and noble speech must fare;

If, besides these, she should be golden-tressed,

Behold the maid with seven beauties blessed!

"There, *padre mio*, behold what I desire in woman, all save the thin waist, I do not care about that! Find me such a maiden, and you will see that I do not cavil."

"You might as well look for five-feet on a ram! Golden-tressed maidens are

as rare as salamanders in Florence. No, seriously, my son, it is time you gave up your mooning and your rhyming, your long days in the country, from which you bring home nothing but a handful of withered flowers, and settled down soberly to the business of life. You are a man now, but a few days off twenty-five——"

"Therefore I have reached man's estate these four years past, and am of an age to arrange matters for myself," broke in Paolino hotly.

"Since when has the son ceased to be subject to the father?" cried Giacomo, from whom Paolino had inherited his quick temper. "When you can earn enough to support a wife it will be time for this talk of independence. Here am I, as thin as a lizard from my search for a wife for you, and you scorn me and mock me——"

"No, father."

"I say, yes, son! Here now I have one more offer, from Messer Ferruccio Tigrini, a most respectable merchant of the art of wool. If you do not accept that, and marry his daughter, I will disown you. You shall be no more son of mine. You may beg your bread from door to door in Florence, for aught I care."

"I will not marry Liperata Tigrini! I will never marry any woman to whom my heart is not given. *Già*, I have said my say. You may turn me out if you will."

The two faces, white with passion, glared at each other across the table. Grim determination was written on each. Two vows had been vowed in the heat of the moment: two wills had crossed. It remained to be seen which would bend or break.

The peace-loving Giacopo rose, in some trepidation.

"Brother! Paolino! Think a little before you say such words of ill omen. Giacomo, you may hurry the lad into misery by your precipitancy. Paolino,

that is no way to speak to your good father."

Still the two looked fiercely at one another for the first time in their lives: then Giacomo, whose heart was sore at the failure of his most cherished scheme, said, without withdrawing his gaze: "My son, it grieves me to quarrel with you, but I am a man of my word. The hours of night bring counsel: may they advise you to a better way of thinking. I give you till to-morrow to decide."

"You may give me till the day of San Mal," returned Paolino firmly, "but my answer would be the same as it is now."

"Paolino, that is unworthy of the lover of one from whose 'sweet lips sweet and noble speech must fare,'" put in Giacomo.

Paolino's brow cleared; a new and tenderer light came into his eyes, and he smiled.

"My little uncle is right as usual. Do the cats teach him wisdom, I wonder?"

He took down his cloak from the peg, and they heard him sing as he went out through the shop:

When thou wert born, a flower came to completeness;
The moon stopped in its course, thy beauty seeing;
The stars changed color at sight of so much sweetness.

When the soft notes had died on the air, the two brothers looked at each other.

"There is a woman in it," said Giacomo solemnly.

"A moonstruck ideal!"

"Not so; a real one, or he would not be so obstinate."

"It must be one whom it is ill to love, then, or he would ask my consent to marry her—a wife already, perhaps; yes, that must be it, for he would not love an evil woman. Ebbene, brother, the best cure for that will be his im-

mediate marriage. I will go at once and see Messer Ferruccio."

"I would counsel you to do nothing of the sort until after to-morrow."

"But he must wed, brother. You do not know what hangs upon it. I did not tell you that the Duchess, half in jest, which I turned to earnest, has promised me a thousand crowns for every grandson I may ever have."

"A thousand crowns! That is a cat of another color. Still, I would counsel patience. Do nothing rashly. You will have to wait a little for the grandsons in any case!"

Giacomo rose. "I must go out and take the air. This room oppresses me. Come, brother, a walk will do you good."

Giacopo shook his head. "The air off the water is enough for me. I will sit in my window here and watch the pageant of life."

Giacomo shrugged his shoulders and left him, with impatient steps. When he had been gone for some time the lad Cocco stole in. He had no fear of the gentle Giacopo, to whom he talked without constraint.

"I have put away everything save this bronze, which I am to clean for the *maestro*," he said. "I will come talk to thee while I do it, Messer Giacopo, if I may."

"Of a certainty, lad," answered Giacopo, lifting Il Bravo to his knee and stroking his scarred back. He was a swashbuckler, the hero of a hundred fights, of which he bore many a mark.

"I have somewhat to say to thee, Messer Giacopo," Cocco pursued, pursing up his lips, and shaking his shock head in a very knowing way.

"Indeed? What may it be?"

Peace brooded over the little chamber, and hushed the echo of the recent turmoil. Cocco rubbed and polished in silence for a few moments before he spoke. Then he said with an air of mystery:

"If only the *maestro* knew what I know!"

"What is that, Cocco?"

"That 'he who has patience gets the fat thrushes at a farthing apiece,'" quoted Cocco, and laughed.

Giacopo forbore to question, knowing that he would hear all presently, as this was Cocco's way of showing his cleverness.

After a little the boy spoke again, with his head on one side. "This is a great coil about Messer Paolino!"

"You were listening, Cocco."

"Nay, Messer Giacopo, the door was wide. Am I, then, to stop my ears with wax when my masters speak loud? It is for them to remember if they do not want any to hear. It is not my fault. Besides, what does it matter? I see the two sides of the shield."

"What may the other side be like?"

"A very fine pattern, forsooth,—a fine pattern indeed," said Cocco, and nearly fell off the stool laughing.

Then he sobered suddenly, assuming a virtuous air.

"I cannot tell more. I must not betray Messer Paolino."

"What is this about betraying Messer Paolino?" cried a voice from the doorway.

It was Giacomo, whose fretted spirit had not found the peace it sought in the evening air.

He strode towards the boy, catching him by the ear.

"What is this, I say? Speak, varlet!"

Cocco cowered. "It is nothing, *maestro*,—nothing, I promise you!"

"If it were the half of nothing you must tell me."

"Well then," answered the boy sullenly. "When Messer Paolino returns, ask him how he spends his time beyond the Porta Romana."

Then, Giacomo's hand relaxing, he darted away and made good his escape.

"What is this, nonsense, brother?"

asked Giacomo wearily, sinking into a chair.

"In truth I know not. The lad babbled on. He often sits with me of an evening when you are out. Half the time I do not listen to what he says."

"Brother, I grow old, and if it be true that men count the years they feel, I have aged a decade in these few hours." He spread his hands before him on the table; they were lean, sinewy, virile, showing no sign of age. He sighed. The world was awry to-night.

A hesitating step sounded outside, and in came Paolino with somewhat shamefaced mien.

In a flash Giacomo was up, facing him.

"How do you spend your time beyond the Porta Romana?" he said, looking at him as if he would read his very soul.

Paolino flushed and paled. His lips trembled as he tried to speak. Guilt seemed written on every feature.

"Father! How—what—what do you know?"

"Enough to demand an answer to my question," replied Giacomo sternly. "Tell the truth without flinching, if you can."

At these words Paolino straightened himself, and spoke to his father as man to man.

"I have never lied to you," he said. "Still I have deceived you, and deception is hard to bear. You have ruled me firmly: you have fettered me with chains of duty and affection. Those chains I have broken. I have shattered your most cherished dreams, and I am ready to bear any punishment you choose to inflict upon me, even if it means thrusting me out of your life."

"Now the saints grant me patience!" cried Giacomo, raising appealing hands to Heaven. "What have you done, boy? What sin have you committed? What dream have you shattered?"

"I know well that it has been your lifelong desire to raise the Buonaccors to their level of olden days, and to that end you desired me to wed a rich wife so that I might restore the family fortunes." He paused and looked appealingly at his father.

"*Domeniddio!* But what has that to do with it?"

"This: that I cannot wed the rich wife you would choose for me, because I am married already!"

"*Married already!*"

There was a tense silence, only broken by the rushing sound of the river and the dim hum of voices from the street outside. Then Giacomo spoke in unexpectedly gentle tones. During the pause the full significance of Paolino's announcement had been borne in upon him.

The Pall Mall Magazine.

"Whom have you married, my son?"

"The most beautiful woman in the world!" broke out Paolino. "The woman with six out of the seven necessary beauties. She is called Belfiore, on account of her loveliness; but—she is a peasant!"

"Belfiore—'beautiful flower'; and a country blossom at that," returned Giacomo musingly. "A fit mother for lusty sons—no?"

"She has given me three already!"

A benediction shone from the face of Giacomo. He stretched out his arms to the bewildered Paolino, who had expected deepest censure.

"Three thousand crowns! Not so bad a dowry that; and these are but early days. Embrace me, my son! Tomorrow we shall wait upon the Duchess!"

Rachel Sucte Macnamara.

THE NEW PRESIDENT.

It seemed more natural that Mr. Roosevelt's Presidency should end in a blizzard than that Mr. Taft's should begin in one. The fury of the elements which spoiled the ceremonial at Washington was a not inappropriate *finale* to a Presidency which even its friends admit to have been belligerent, and which its enemies describe as convulsive. But it was anything but a harmonious prelude to the reign of tranquility which Mr. Taft is expected to usher in. No one can possibly doubt that Mr. Roosevelt's sledgehammer methods suited the conditions in which he found himself. The moral sense of America when he entered the White House was all but asleep, and it is a fair contention that no agency less powerful than his stentorian voice and the proddings of his "big stick" could have awakened it. His policies, moderate in themselves, seemed revolutionary only because of

the violence and combativeness with which he advocated them. Much of that violence was doubtless temperamental; but much also was due to a conviction that a milder and less sensational propaganda was doomed to failure. The movement Mr. Roosevelt initiated was primarily a moral and not a social, political, or economic movement; and evangelists, as we know, are often obliged, like other folk, to beat a drum before they can collect an audience. To bring home to the minds and hearts and consciences of his fellow-countrymen the necessity of honesty in public and private life, of justice between class and class, of humanizing the relations between employer and employed, of asserting the supremacy of national over private interests, of enforcing obedience to the law upon rich and poor alike, and of rescuing the natural wealth and resources of the country from improvi-

dent exploitation—this was the great task to which Mr. Roosevelt addressed himself. It was not a task that could be accomplished by gentle persuasion. It required for its successful performance a certain force and extravagance of language which Mr. Roosevelt, for his part, was only too ready to supply. Nor was it a task that could be carried through without a considerable disturbance of settled habits and encrusted standards. The President, no doubt, made that disturbance greater than it might have been by his slashing harangues and tempestuous attacks. But that an upheaval of some sort there had to be if the millionaire and the Boss were not to rule America indefinitely seems to us incontestable. Now that the turmoil, or most of it, has subsided, pretty nearly all Americans appear to agree that Mr. Roosevelt's policies were fundamentally right. They may still wish they had been prosecuted with less heat and with greater regard for the nerves of the business and financial world, but they no longer either expect or desire to see them abandoned or reversed. If Mr. Taft follows in his predecessor's footsteps, but more warily and with a less reverberant tread, America will be well satisfied.

What it comes to is that both the plutocracy and the people have learned their lesson. The Trust "magnates," the railway directors, and the heads of the great industrial corporations realize at last that they have more to gain by keeping within the law than by breaking it, by taking the public into their confidence than by conducting all their operations behind a veil of secrecy, and by abandoning illegal and dishonorable practices than by persevering in them. The more enlightened capitalists, indeed, have already come to see that Governmental supervision and regulation of their undertakings, so far from being a menace to industry,

is really a bulwark of defence against Socialistic and predatory onslaughts. When Mr. Roosevelt reached the Presidency organized wealth ruled the country. It is too much to say that, as the result of the President's campaign, the position has been precisely reversed; but it is not too much to say that the railways have been brought under the partial control of the Federal power; that rebates and discriminations have virtually ceased; that the industrial combinations have been taught the danger of offending against the law and public opinion; that the conduct of all business, both private and corporate, has been greatly improved; and that it is now the settled policy of the country to impose upon the Trusts, restrictions of the kind that the Board of Trade in Great Britain imposes upon railways and the Companies Acts upon joint-stock enterprises. The American people, for their part, have been not less affected by Mr. Roosevelt's propaganda. They have been educated out of a good deal of their worship of wealth as wealth and irrespective of how it has been gathered or what return it makes to the community. They have been effectually stirred into taking measures for safeguarding the natural wealth of the land—its timber, coal, gas, minerals, oil, and water—against the greed of speculators; and a public opinion has been created which is at once more sensitive to social and economic shortcomings and injustices, and more swift to condemn practices in politics and business that a decade ago were all but universally condoned. A point, in short, has been reached at which the democracy and the plutocracy find themselves substantially at one; and what America expects of Mr. Taft is that he will carry on and develop the Roosevelt policies, but will do so less volcanically and aggressively, with fewer outbursts and alarms, in a better temper and with more dignity.

From all that is known of Mr. Taft's personality and career we should say the expectation is well founded. He has a reflective, probing, disentangling mind; he is strong, cautious and serene; his mountainous geniality makes innumerable friends and no enemies; he is eminently unprovocative; his gift of lubricating sagacity is precisely the gift most likely to ensure harmony between the White House and Congress; and he is thoroughly experienced in the work of administration. Moreover, he subscribes to and has taken a large part in formulating the Roosevelt policies. Everything favors him. Both Houses of Congress are in the control of his party; there is a universal disposition to accept his advent to office as the beginning of an era of confidence and good feeling; and he finds ready to hand the atmosphere and the state of mind most propitious for the kind of constructive work in which he excels. Mr. Roosevelt has profoundly altered men's ways of looking at the vast body of problems raised by the presence and activities in a democratic State of huge industrial agglomerations. It will be for Mr. Taft to make the change effective and lasting by embodying it in legislation. His inaugural address declares this to be the main policy of his Administration. By amending the Sherman Anti-Trust Act, so as to make industrial combinations legal under a more stringent system of Government scrutiny and supervision; by arming the Inter-State Commerce Commission with fresh powers for dealing with the railways, especially in the matters of issue of stock and the fixing of rates; and by bringing the Commission, the

The Outlook.

Department of Justice, and the Bureau of Corporations into closer touch, Mr. Taft hopes to clinch the work begun by Mr. Roosevelt and to secure the supremacy of national interests with the minimum of disturbance to business stability. It was, as we have said, much more Mr. Roosevelt's manner and language than his legislative measures that angered the world of industry, and Mr. Taft, with his mellow and mollifying personality and attitude, may easily succeed in going further than his predecessor without exciting one-tenth as much apprehension. Indeed, success in that sphere is likely to come easier than in the sphere of tariff revision. Mr. Taft reaffirms his resolution to call an extra session for amending the Dingley Act; he believes that the rates in certain schedules may safely be reduced, while in few, if any, is there any need for an advance; and he urges Congress to deal with the matter promptly and in good faith. We have not much confidence in Congress's promptitude or good faith in this matter; and it is quite on the cards that the new Tariff Bill will depart so far from the pledges of the Republican platform that Mr. Taft will feel unable to sign it. Among his other proposals the most noticeable are those in favor of a graduated inheritance-tax and of legislation that will enable the Federal Executive to enforce the treaty rights of alien residents and immigrants. On the whole, the programme outlined in the inaugural address is as sound, practical, and unalarming as the language in which it is recommended is sober and restrained.

DISCIPLINE FOR SERVANTS.

Dear Mamma's plan for disciplining her servants was not a success. It was a good plan, but we never had the proper kind of servant.

The idea came to Mamma when first the new Workmen's Compensation Act came into operation. She took out a policy against July 1st, and said it was a splendid opportunity to begin an entirely new *régime* in kitchen control.

Up to then, as dear Mamma said when outlining the scheme, she had no *hold* over the servants—no way of punishing them. Her plan was a combined system of punishments and rewards. Each servant, in addition to her regular wages, was to receive—if entitled thereto, as Mamma said—five shillings a month Conduct Money. Every time a maid incurred Mamma's displeasure a small fine would be inflicted and deducted from the five shillings.

Mamma was most enthusiastic about it. She went to the stationer's and bought a little note-book bound in red leather. On the cover she had stamped in gold lettering:

Conduct Register.

At the head of the first page was printed

*Cook-General.**Fines.*

And halfway through the book

*House-Parlormaid.**Fines.*

Two new servants came in just then, and dear Mamma explained the system to them and showed them the book. They were very pleased, and the cook-general told Mamma it would "fairly keep her on the 'op.'" Though rather vulgarly put, that, as dear Mamma

said, was the right sentiment, and she expressed the belief that her servant troubles were at last at an end.

A rough scale of fines was agreed upon—one penny, for example, for each minute late. Papa said that was a bit steep, but dear Mamma said: "If discipline is not discipline, what is it?" Papa said, "I leave it to you, partner," and went to bed. This was the first night of the new *régime*.

The servants overslept themselves next morning and came down an hour late.

Dear Mamma was very distressed about it. You see, sixty minutes at a penny a minute is five shillings, and there was the whole Conduct Money gone at one fell swoop. A conference was held in the kitchen, and dear Mamma, on emerging, announced that the iron rod of discipline had been temporarily relaxed. She had most kindly agreed to overlook the offence, and a fresh start was to be made.

That was half-past nine.

At a quarter to twelve, while running blithely down-stairs, dear Mamma put her foot on the dustpan, carried away a rack of Zulu assegais in a wild clutch to save herself, and sat down very abruptly indeed.

There is no need to repeat what she said to the house-parlormaid, but she ended up by saying, "And your whole five shillings is gone—*Gone!* understand that clearly!"

If you will believe me, the girl went upstairs, put on her hat and jacket, and walked straight out of the house!

Rather to dear Mamma's surprise—for it is her experience that servants always combine together against the mistress—the cook-general quite took her part over this unfortunate incident. She said that Mamma was well rid of the house-parlormaid, because

the girl had been very rude behind dear Mamma's back about her good conduct money, and had said she would demand it at the end of the month whether she earned it or not. The cook-general went on to say that for her part she would much better appreciate the scheme if Mamma would give her her five shillings now. She said it would seem much more like a reprimand to her if she actually had to hand over a fine than if she were deprived of money she had never so much as seen.

Partly because there seemed something in this theory, and partly because she was afraid the cook-general might object to being single-handed, dear Mamma agreed, and gave the five-shillings—also permission to pop out and post a letter to a friend who might be willing to take the vacant situation.

"The girl is a treasure," said dear Mamma, as she watched her turn the corner with the letter in her hand.

At half-past eleven that night two policemen brought her to the house quite incapable. It was most wretched. Of course we could not have her in, and she was taken to the police-station.

We had never lost two servants quite so quickly before, and Papa said it was all through the Conduct Money scheme, which hurt dear Mamma very much. She said that with such wretched servants it had not had a fair trial, and when the next maids came in she explained everything to them and started it again.

At the end of the month fourpence was due to the cook-general and a penny to the house-parlormaid. They were very rude about it, and actually refused to take their rewards. Dear Mamma, however, talked them over, carried forward the fourpence and the penny, and they promised they would set themselves not to lose a farthing during the coming month.

Dear Mamma had hardly left the kitchen when the cook-general dropped and broke a plate.

Mamma turned back. "Ah, Mary, Mary," she said with a kind smile, picking up the conduct-register, "that's threepence."

"Ho! is it? Well, that's sixpence," said the girl, and deliberately dashed a second plate on the floor!

The fine for rudeness was a shilling, but dear Mamma thought it best not to enter it just then. The way in which things mounted up after that was extraordinary. Dear Mamma just entered them as they came, but in adding them she found to her horror that the cook-general owed her £1 3s. 7d., and the house-parlormaid owed her 19s. 11½d.

It was while dear Mamma was explaining this to Papa and begging him for once in his life to go in and speak to the servants that there came from the kitchen a loud crash followed by terrific screams.

We rushed in, and there was the cook-general executing a fascinating little dance on one leg round and round the table. She collapsed on a chair presently, and then it appeared that she had upset the kettle and scalded her foot. The doctor said it was trifling, but she said that a very similar shock, only not quite so bad, had killed her aunt, and that for months and months the mere sight of a kettle would set her all of a tremble.

We sent her home, and then the young man from the insurance company, after interviewing her, came to see us. Dear Mamma and I watched him go jauntily down the drive, and then Papa came in. Papa's lips were flecked with foam. He could hardly speak.

"Whatever is it?" dear Mamma cried.

"It's this Conduct Money of yours," stormed Papa, using a regrettable adjective. "On the policy I said the girl's

wages were £1 10s. a month, but she tells the Company she was receiving £1 15s., and the Company is going to repudiate the claim! Of all the——!" and so on.

Punch.

Our case comes on next week. Dear Mamma is living with her mother and Papa is preparing to file his petition in Bankruptcy.

THE LONELY MEN.

They live amid the pulsating throb and din of countless lives, in the City of the Great Unrest; but they pass their days in crowded solitude, and in silence, surrounded by the sound of speech.

The reasons of their loneliness are various. From a pride too poor for intimacy with friends, and a poverty not poor enough to herd, they spend long days and evenings by themselves. From the bitterness of failure or mistake, or because of endeavor which must work alone, or by reason of isolating thought, they want for the friendly intercourse that cheers.

Thus, gradually they change from need of speech, and come to think about things curiously, and think too much, and lose the way to laugh; and by degrees they shun their friends for want of what to say, so that they miss the chance of knowing other men. For theirs is the loneliness that rusts and dulls and binds—the city solitude among the crowds.

During the day the lucky ones have work; for only while they really work can they forget. Because in the streets they see so many pairs, talking and nodding and laughing, as they go, and the calm companionship of conscious sympathy, or the bend and question of a lover's look, and the woman's little happy, hovering smile. Even they who have hours of idleness can gain a consolation from the light of day, and can invent the distraction of imaginary business, and long-distance errands, to fill their time and mind.

But the night and evening hours are the danger time. Because after dark the city seems to change into a mighty camp of cosy firesides, where families and friends and lovers sit in quiet, comfortable peacefulness, behind the tantalizing squares of lighted blind. Or, in the blazing, scintillating glare of lighted places, it becomes a fair, with nothing but happiness beneath, where smiling, whispering couples, and contented pairs, and gay, laughing parties, free from care, amuse themselves in quiet merriment, or in brilliant scenes of revelry and fun. For, with the jaundiced eyes of loneliness, they only see the contrasts to their state—the gay companionships, the friendships, and the love.

But even so they seek the busy streets, and the places where the merry people throng, at night and in the hours of their ease, to watch and feel the jostle of the crowds, for company. For when they shut their room-door on the world, after the work or occupation of the day is done, they hear, though they read or try to sleep, the city's roar. And to the moaning murmur of its hum, their taunted, envious imagination works; they see bright scenes of brilliant merriment, or whispering companionships, or the shaded, lamplight peacefulness of home. Then the burden of their loneliness settles down, so that the empty heaviness of it hurts.

According to the habits of their state, they act. In the streets, they look up quickly at a laugh, and notice

what talking people do not see; they loiter listlessly from shop to shop, gazing indifferently at everything; at times they hug their loneliness, and stoop and brood; and they speak quite loudly to themselves to use their voice. In the restaurants they look and look, with following, interested, regretful eyes; and they talk with strangers, where the custom of the place permits; and they linger with reluctance to depart into the greater isolation of the streets, paying for extra drink to keep their place amid the noise and merriment of those who dine in company. After their solitary, protracted meal, they tramp for miles. With aimless determination to avoid their home, they walk and walk through unfamiliar streets and quiet squares, seeing only always the glow of lighted blinds, and the parting pairs who kiss and hurry home. Or they moon about amid the glare of the streets where the places of amusement are, and watch the lighted laughter of the crowds, and the flashing couples which the cab lamps show. Until the crowds begin to thin they walk. For by their nightly meal and wanderings they cheat the evening hours and the night.

And they very often pay to be amused, careless or wilfully forgetful of what they spend; but they sit without a smile through funny plays, or stand and smoke, with an apathetic stare, leaning against the barrier of a lounge, while expert entertainers earn applause. It is not that they do not understand the wit or the labor of trained skill, but they come so frequently that they do not care. They only seek the company of crowds, and something to look at to forget themselves. But, in spite of their conscious plan or subterfuge, the silent loneliness is always there.

The dangers of their state are manifold. For by their lonely side Temptation walks, and whispers, and points

an easy way to company or escape.

Many listen eagerly at once in the hope of a permanent release. Driven by the fear of lonely years, they seek their few forgotten friends, and claim their aid, and, after deliberate introductions, they choose a wife, as men engage a clerk—the first who seems to suit; or forgetful of the gulfs of interests and thought, they take a mate, unlearned and lowly bred, because of a sudden easy opportunity; or, in a panic of faint-heartedness, they pawn their privilege to work and earn, for a sorry dependence that obeys the wishes of an unloved, moneyed wife. These, by their haste or calculation, err; so that they come to look and hear and wonder why, in after years.

And others, in rebellion at their lot, defiantly contrive a temporary companionship. In dreary dissipations of a night, or in fierce allegiances of crowded months, while passion grows and scorches and burns out to the ashes of a mutual disregard, or in quiet companionships that only break one law, they buy or get by favor what they want. Others may try to turn away at first from what to them seems sin, because of fears or training or beliefs; but the want of company is more than these. So, after arguments, they also seek relief where Love is passion or a thing for sale. And while they hope to lose their loneliness, they lock lead weights of habit to their feet, that hold them back from knowing better things; or they raise a barrier of offended codes between themselves and the women who make homes. A greater loneliness is theirs, and the bitterness of thinking, at the end.

Others imperceptibly succumb to a little whisper, urging them to be gay; and they make their seldom evening with a friend an occasion for unwonted revelry. But in the many intervals of silent days the little whisper grows and grows and grows with the

memories of past light-heartedness. So, when their loneliness envelops them one night, they drink alone; and they chaff themselves for drinking by themselves. But, with the knowledge of a quick content, the need of it seems gradually to grow; so that they think more often of escape. And when they think, they argue with themselves, in the street or in the quiet of their rooms; and they pause and swear and finally succumb. With every argued drink, they argue less, over a period of resisting years, until they forget the reason of their need. These, at the last, repay their borrowed hours of escape with days of maudlin, impotent remorse, or lifetimes in the awful peopled wastes of drunken fear.

Thus many, in their efforts to escape, burden or waste or throw away their lives. And they only get the blame for what they do, though the maddening activity of the city drives them on. For they are judged from the cold stone throne of reason by those who do not know.

The Nation.

Some patient ones drag on without relief through a growing dreariness of silent years, numbed into something less than feeling men. By accepted necessity and slow degrees, they learn to forget their wish for company; and they steep themselves in thoughts about their work, or theories upon abstract things; or they get a meagre joy from looking on, pretending that they like to be alone, and making companions of the city's sights and beauty and the sparrows in the parks. And when they die, only a cousin or a lawyer or a landlord knows.

But many win their freedom in the end, through labor and luck to company and love. And, though the streets no longer draw them out, and the quiet evenings fill them with repose, they never quite forget the lonely years. When they hear of the reckless, pitiable folly of a wasted life, in the city's annals of tragedy and sin, they think and remember and condone. For by the lesson of their loneliness they learned.

HEREDITY AND EDUCATION.*

What Mr. Bernard Shaw means when he says that "the bubble of heredity has been pricked" is that the theory that the moral characters acquired by an individual during his lifetime are transmitted to his descendants has been exploded. We are all, including the author of the book before us, pretty well agreed that this is so. It is not supported by the scanty evidence on this point which the biologist has collected. Nor need we grieve that it has gone. For, if it can be maintained that a belief in it was an incentive to virtue, it is equally certain that such a belief was an excuse

for vice, as was clearly seen by a little girl who, when told by her nurse that if she was naughty her grandchildren would be naughty, too, pointed out that, if that was true, the reason that she was naughty was that her grandmother had been.

The conclusion reached by Mr. Shaw as to the bearing of the pricking of the bubble on education is that "the vilest abortionist is he who attempts to mould a child's character." That reached by Mr. Hayward is the diametric opposite of this. He is a Herbartian. Herbart asked:—

Does a human being bring with him into the world his future shape, or does he not? In respect to his body he

* "Education and the Heredity Spectre." By Dr. F. H. Hayward. Pp. xv+147. (London: Watts and Co., 1908.) Price 1s. net.

doubtless does; but that is not our question. We speak of the mind, the character, the entire disposition.

And Herbart's and Mr. Hayward's answer is that he does not; and that, that being so, it is not merely legitimate, but desirable, to attempt to mould a child's character.

But before we proceed further we must make sure that we keep two questions, which are probably puzzling our mind at the same time, perfectly distinct. One is a question for the biologist, the other for the educationist. The one is, "Can a child's character be moulded?" the other, "Is it desirable to do it deliberately?" With regard to the former question, the answer given by Dr. Archdall Reid, who has devoted much thought to this point is, "Yes." According to Dr. Reid, all the attributes which distinguish a civilized man from a barbarian (the two terms are relative, of course) have been acquired by the former during his lifetime. If this is true, an English boy brought up from birth in a Zulu kraal will, when a man, have the morals and ideals of a Zulu. He will only differ from the other inhabitants of the kraal in having a paler skin and the other physical characters which distinguish the two races. Such experiments may have been made, but it is highly unlikely that they have been accurately recorded. The presence of any one capable of doing so would spoil the conditions of the experiment. But even if this view of the nature of our morality is correct, it does not follow that it is desirable to attempt to mould a child's character. It rather shows that we cannot help moulding it by everything that we do, and that any little deliberate attempts that we make will count for so little in comparison with what we have already done, and will go on doing, that they will not make much difference.

Nature.

From the educational side the book is well worth reading, and the subject discussed is of first-rate importance; but our author is not a biologist either by sympathy or achievement. Was it worth while to poke fun at Mendel for his researches on green peas (p. 134)? People lay so much too much stress on the material that is dealt with in an investigation. Personally, we set more value on a man who discovers, not *everything*, as some Mendelians hold, but, say, "a rough quarter" by experiments "with green peas," than on one who discovers practically nothing by an excursus on man. We quote the whole passage:—

(3) *Mendelism.*

The question of heredity has entered on a new phase during the past ten years, owing to the unearthing of Mendel's researches on green peas. The plant again! We are to discover the laws of human nature by the study of heredity in non-conscious, non-moral plants.

Does Mr. Hayward really think that we investigate natural processes for the benefit of those who apply the information which we give them? The reason that Mr. Hayward dislikes the plant so is that, according to him, the non-Herbartian doctrine of education is based on what he calls the "plant" metaphor.

The future form of a plant is admittedly determined in advance. True, there are "variations" and "mutations," the laws of which we are likely, sooner or later, to know; true, also, even plants are plastic in a measure, to environmental influences. Broadly, however, we may say that the fate of a plant is fixed by the nature of the germ from which it springs.

We quote this to show that Mr. Hayward's biology is shaky. For it is now generally recognized that one fundamental difference between animals and plants is the much greater susceptibility of the latter to environmental changes.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. add three volumes to the fascinating "First Folio" edition of Shakespeare,—*"Measure for Measure," "The Merry Wives of Windsor"* and *"All's Well, That Ends Well."* The text is that of the first folio of 1623; the Introductions are by Charlotte Porter, and the notes, glossaries, lists of variorum readings, and extracts of selected criticism are the work of Miss Porter and Miss Helen A. Clarke; as for the typography and format, it is the dainty work of the De Vinne Press. One frontispiece is a picture of the Jubilee Memorial Fountain at Stratford-on-Avon; another a view of Charlecote Hall, which is associated with one of Shakespeare's youthful poaching escapades; and the third is a picture of the statue of Shakespeare, which was unveiled at Weimar four years ago. From every point of view, this is one of the most valuable and most attractive editions within reach of the student of Shakespeare. Its close following of the First Folio text gives it a unique importance; and its convenient size and moderate price commend it to general use.

Readers of "Punch" long ago learned to look first for the initials "O. S." at the end of bits of verse which hit off cleverly the social and political foibles of the hour. They know that they stand for Owen Seaman, and they know that Mr. Seaman has a knack for writing humorous and sometimes rollicking verse, and a surprising lyrical skill and ingenuity which are equalled by none of his contemporaries. It is a real boon to have forty or more of the best of these delightful pieces sorted out and put between covers, with the gently humorous title of *"Salvage."* (Henry Holt & Co.) The little book may easily be slipped into one's pocket, and it

comes near being worth its weight in gold to any one who is capable of appreciating either true humor or true sentiment,—for the two are first cousins and sometimes almost indistinguishable, as, for example, in the address *"To Christine"* which is alone worth the price of the volume. There is no sting to the humor, and no coarseness: nothing that leaves an unpleasant taste in the mouth. Whether one chooses to open the book at random, or to read it page by page, he will find it full of charm; and he will lay it down with a devout wish that the familiar initials may long decorate the pages of "Punch" and supply material for new volumes like this.

In California, the maladministration of legal processes seems to have passed the limits of the English language, and Mr. Thomas Lee Woolewine is announced in the cover of his *"In the Valley of the Shadows"* as the new regime "District Attorney of Los Angeles," and assurance is given that "he bids fair to make an equally notable mark as a novelist." Possibly this is true, but a story of less than 20,000 words, howsoever good it may be, can hardly be regarded as evidence of the ability to write a novel. Further, Mr. Woolewine's Tennessee mountaineers speak a dialect unknown to those not acquainted with the fiction of the late W. H. H. Murray, and his imitators, and unlike the speech employed by well-known novelists generally recognized as authorities in Southern Appalachian matters. The theme of the story is the love of two young persons who think that they cannot wed because their families are at feud, but change their minds after the girl's brother dies repenting the foul blow given to her lover in their last fight;

and they are left alone in the world with their wedding near at hand. The only excuse for repeating this well-worn story would be the consciousness of ability to give it original treatment, and Mr. Woolewine can hardly have been visited by any such feeling, for the only shadow of novelty in his book is the heroine's ineffectual midnight journey through the woods to bring her lover to her dying brother's bedside, and as they arrive too late, the incident is hardly a happy variation. If Mr. Woolewine should find a new theme in his present sphere of usefulness, it is possible that he may write a good story, but this book is the work of a 'prentice hand. Doubleday, Page & Co.

Miss Mary E. Waller has written two novels of much merit and an excellent book of travels, and one cannot but wish that she had been faithful to the medium of prose in her effort to honor the memory of Lincoln by telling the story of the Vermont sentinel whom he relieved when sentenced to death for sleeping on guard. Instead, she has chosen to repeat the tale, which she entitles "Our Benny," in hexameters, a severe test of ability even to the practised writer of verse, and successfully endured by but very few, and those few writers whose minds have been early saturated with Homer, and well exercised in the production of English verse. Miss Waller is no Hawtrey, is not even an Arnold, but her work compares fairly well with all but the best of Longfellow's in the same metre, and she makes but few flagrant errors. The most fastidious of New England poets was, like her, not aware that "arbutus" is a dactyl both in Latin and in English, and making the last syllable of "endure" perform the work of a spondee is evidently an oversight, but when her verse is at its best, one still desires her prose. It is only in form however, that the book falls be-

low the standard set by her stories. Like them, it is full of keen understanding of the unspoiled, rural American. The religious enthusiasm, the fine charity, the high patriotism of the simple souls who fulfil Newman's ideal and find in "the trivial round, the common task," "a road to bring [them] daily nearer God" was never better set forth than in "Our Benny," and because of its spirit and in spite of its form, the book will probably live. As a memorial of Lincoln it will be cherished by mothers, and its legend of a line of soldiers dying for the peace of America will endear it to all who have borne arms for her glory. Little, Brown & Co.

In his first book, "Joan of the Alley," Mr. Frederick Orin Bartlett attempted to find romance where romance was not, and ended by producing something like pure absurdity. In his second, to which he gives the title "The Web of the Golden Spider," he begins by providing himself with sufficient material for two or three good romances, and, eschewing all the faults of the first book, produces a good specimen of the buried treasure story, quite incredible but none the worse for that. The hero, wandering about the streets of Boston in a penniless condition, opposes a policeman who attempts to arrest a loitering girl, assaults him and runs away with her. Being pursued, the two break into a darkened house, light a fire, help themselves to food and clothing and when the owner returns proceed to involve themselves in amazing complications rendered doubly perplexing by the girl's gift of crystal gazing; and her possession of an absent, mysterious father. A voyage to a Utopian South American Kingdom with a buried treasure, beside which Mr. Janvier's jars of Mexican emeralds seem trifles, follows, and, between mutinies at seas, and revolutions on land, all

Books and Authors.

the characters are kept in a state of cheerful activity until the superfluous members of the company have been killed and the others provided with twenty bags of gems. Laden with these, they depart for Boston leaving the natives to quarrel with fate and one another. The tale is thoroughly unreal when taken as a whole, but each adventure is sufficiently vivid to keep the reader's attention until the next begins to develop, and one comes to the end with the consciousness of having been highly entertained. In some degree, Mr. Bartlett retains his fault of trying to persuade himself and his readers that his personages have strange, mystic emotions, but those demanded by their adventures generally suffice them in "The Web of the Golden Spider," and it seems probable that in his next venture he will drop the little affectation. If it take him as far on the road to perfection as his second book has taken him beyond the first, he will find himself standing high among the younger story writers. Already his place is honorable. Small, Maynard & Co.

Once more those critics who, regardless of the enormous possibilities of the principle of permutation, have asserted that all possible plots have been used will be compelled to retreat from their position, for Mr. H. H. Bashford's "The Pilgrim's March" is original in its presentation of the trial of a soul drawn in opposite directions by a narrow and uninstructed conception of religion, and in another by art ungoverned by principle. The first force is seldom fairly treated in fiction, being the general butt of novelists from Jane Austen to Ouida, and the latter has a large following of blind panegyrists. To be able to set forth the excellent qualities of good men and women whose righteous intention and naught else saves

them from perpetual, glaring, absurdity is rare; to combine this quality with the conviction that the simplest and most prosaic domestic virtues often exist in alliance with high artistic capacity, and the ability to revel in the enjoyment of all forms of art is rarer still. Ten years ago, one might have denied that any living author was equipped with both qualities, but a new group is forming, a group with convictions as strong and as high as those of the men and women who wrote the stories of the last twenty Victorian years, but less rigid in applying their principles. Offhand one might name five or six of these writers, but, new author although he is, Mr. H. H. Bashford seems to have a larger share of this quality of duplex correct appreciation than any other. The evangelical family depicted in his pages, loving its self-denial of everything but ugliness, and tolling mightily in the hope of saving immortal souls has been ridiculed by those hostile to its creed, and has been made absurd in a thousand Sunday-school books written by its friends. The groups opposed to it, the cluster of actors, authors, painters, sculptors, and Judy the model, has been once drawn so magnificently that one almost regrets its reappearance in Mr. Bashford's pages, but his treatment of it justifies its presence there. He is as charitable as Du Maurier himself, but he does not for a moment yield the point that evil comes of evil, and poor Judy, although no one casts a stone at her, is not made the object of the smallest atom of sentiment. The little company of good, quiet Christian souls who play chorus to the active characters, includes more than one noteworthy figure, carefully finished and consistent and adding to the general merit of a remarkable first novel. Henry Holt & Co.



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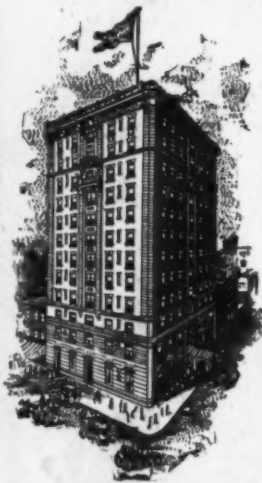
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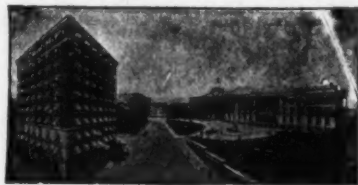
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